The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

15c

Shirley Temple

A Date
with Nelson Eddy

New Shirley Temple Contest

TOGETHER *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero."... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!

Warner Bros. Present

BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK'S

"BOY MEETS GIRL"

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES **CAGNEY** PAT **O'BRIEN**

WITH

MARIE **WILSON** RALPH **BELLAMY**

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (*Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!*)

Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (*Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.*)

Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (*Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!*)

Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.*)

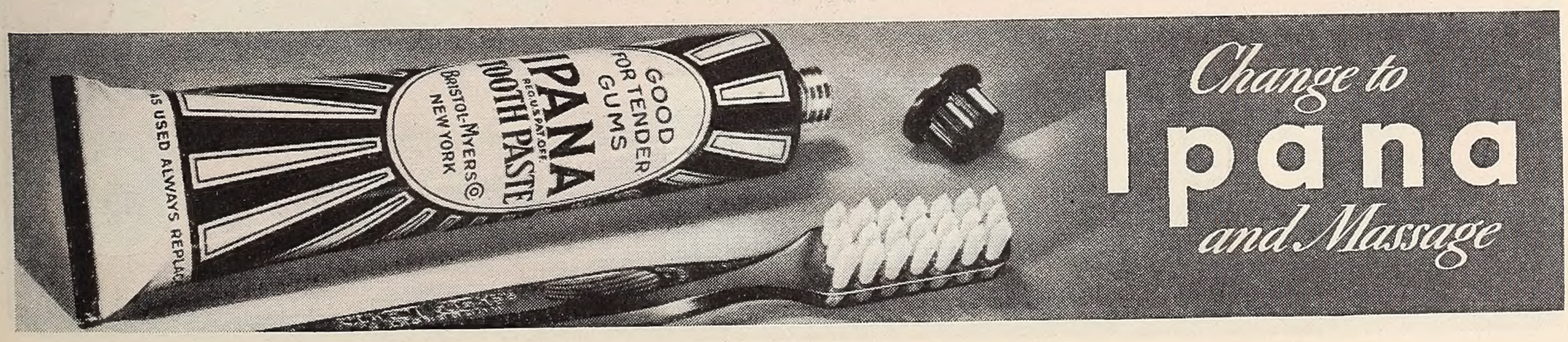
It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—*see your dentist.* Let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.



BOB TAYLOR

gets a telegram from his fans...

...and his fans get their kind of picture!

THE

CROWD ROARS

Edward *with* Frank

ARNOLD · MORGAN

Maureen William

O'SULLIVAN · GARGAN

LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

August, 1938 Vol. XXXVII, No. 4

Is Success Spoiling Tyrone Power?

What do *you* think? Have all the money and fame that have come to him in the past year turned the handsome head of Hollywood's most dashing young actor? You want to know. So do we. So we went straight to—Tyrone himself! We learned the answer. We'll pass that answer on to you in the form of a fine feature in the next issue.

Ginger Rogers' Secret Heart

You know Ginger as the piquant, provocative heroine of some of the screen's best shows. You see her laughing her way through life and pictures, looking as if she had no thought beyond the immediate moment—which must always be gay. That's just one side of Ginger Rogers. The other side is hidden from the world, or was until we found the story for you. The girl behind the ingratiating Rogers grin is an amazing girl, far different from her movie image. You'd better meet her—in September SCREENLAND.

In fact, you'd better make a point of watching for the next issue. The above features we've mentioned are only two of a fascinating program, which you'll enjoy if you don't miss the September SCREENLAND, on sale August 3rd.

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SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Margaret Sullavan, who soars to heights of glowing beauty with a superb performance in "Three Comrades," we award this accolade

She created a sensation in her screen début (remember "Only Yesterday"?), but even greater talents are revealed by Margaret Sullavan as PATRICIA, in the film version of a Remarque novel. Below and at upper right, with Robert Taylor; center with the "Three Comrades," Franchot Tone, Taylor, and Robert Young.

LONG absence from the screen has robbed Margaret Sullavan of none of her magic as a creator of pulsingly alive, persuasively appealing characters. It has, however, robbed us of many inspiring performances, or so one is forced to reflect after seeing Miss Sullavan as the hauntingly lovely heroine of "Three Comrades." Playing a character of many-faceted emotional qualities, this *Patricia* is the source, the dynamic force that flows from the screen as a tragic human drama is revealed in a setting of war-scarred Germany. The tone of her voice, the modulation and interpretation of her lines, every gesture and facial expression, is a sensitive portrait of a doomed but divinely courageous woman longing for the love her youth entitles her to, but bravely ready to sacrifice even that for the one she loves. Robert Taylor, as the idealistic *Erich*, Franchot Tone as the loyal and philosophical *Otto*, and Robert Young, as the rebellious *Gottfried*, all do magnificent work—but it is Margaret Sullavan who fires the play with a brooding beauty of surpassing dramatic vigor.

Margaret Sullavan

STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOPWORN ANGEL," REMARKS...

"Hollywood's Make-Up will accent Your Beauty"

THERE'S something different about the make-up created for the stars of motion pictures by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. The secret is color harmony shades of powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize with your individual complexion. Once you try it, you'll be amazed that make-up could make you look so much more attractive. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

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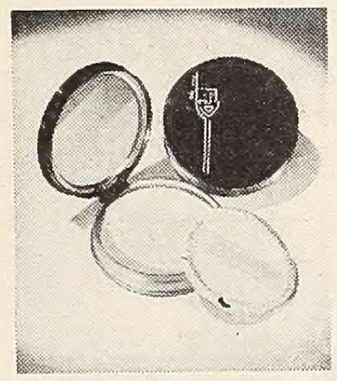

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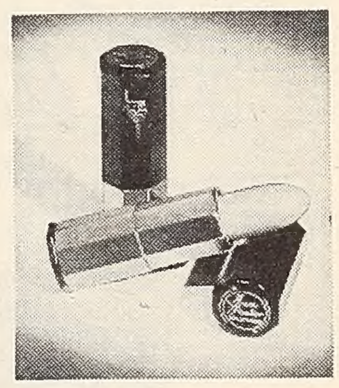

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Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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"COSMETICS OF THE STARS"

A NEW TWIST

HERE'S an innovation to change your whole outlook on that matter of "tweezing." An eyebrow tweezer with *scissor-handles!* Ingeniously curved to let you see what you're doing! TWISSORS, made by Kurlash, costs only 25 cents. . . . So why use the old-fashioned kind!

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you*—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. B-8; receive—*free*—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

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and know how such Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles and superficial Blemishes as are wholly in outer skin are now quickly removed. When your old outer layer of skin is flaked away, you have a new, fresh surface skin. Large pores and fine lines diminish and you look younger, more lovable!

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This new home method is all explained and free Treatise is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this paper. So, worry no more over your humiliating, superficial blemishes or signs of aging in your outer skin. Get this new Treatise now. Simply send post card or letter to WITOL BEAUTY LABORATORIES, INC., Dept. 63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, and you will receive it in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely FREE. If pleased tell friends.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Ginger Rogers entertains for SCREENLAND readers! For the first time she reveals to her fan friends her original ideas for tempting refreshments, ideal for Summer

By Betty Boone

"ON TOP of the world"—that's Ginger Rogers, and that's exactly where she lives! Up on the crest of a hill above Beverly Hills, a white stylized farmhouse sprawls gracefully. The highest point is the studio-and-dressing-room building above the swimming pool, and the lowest—if you don't count the garages—is the playroom, which is tucked in under the living room and at that is possessed of a gorgeous view.

"I never knew before what a sunset could be," confessed my hostess, lingering at the window of the living room. "At night, we look out on all the lights of the city glittering below and the stars shining above—and on a clear day, laugh or not, we can see Catalina!" (Seeing Catalina on a clear day is one of those reliable realtor phrases much kidded in Hollywood.)

As a background for that golden girl Ginger, every room in the house would satisfy an art director. The furniture is blonde maple, the general effect light and sunny, with the color in rugs, drapes, or upholstery. The color in the living room is a soft deep blue; in the dining room, plum; the breakfast room, yellow; Ginger's bedroom is dusty pink; her mother's April green.

"The playroom is the important room when it comes to entertaining," said Ginger, as we descended to it. "If we're not swimming in the pool, or taking sunbaths in the patio, we're down in the playroom jerking sodas. I thought I was the only inhibited soda jerker in the world until I opened my fountain. Then I discovered that half the population has yearned to mix up weird concoctions and shoot fizz into glasses!"

The playroom floor is tiled in two shades of blue, the curtains are white with a red trim, the chairs set around the fountain are of white leather and those around the fireplace at the opposite side of the room are of red leather. The awning over the blonde maple fountain is red and white, and the whole effect gay.

"The younger set in pictures adore the fountain," put in her mother, known to Ginger and all Ginger's friends as "Leelee." "One day, I remember, we had five gallons of ice cream in the containers. Eighteen people were here for the day, playing tennis, swimming, sunbathing, and so on. Everybody experimented at the fountain, and by night not a dishful of ice cream remained!"

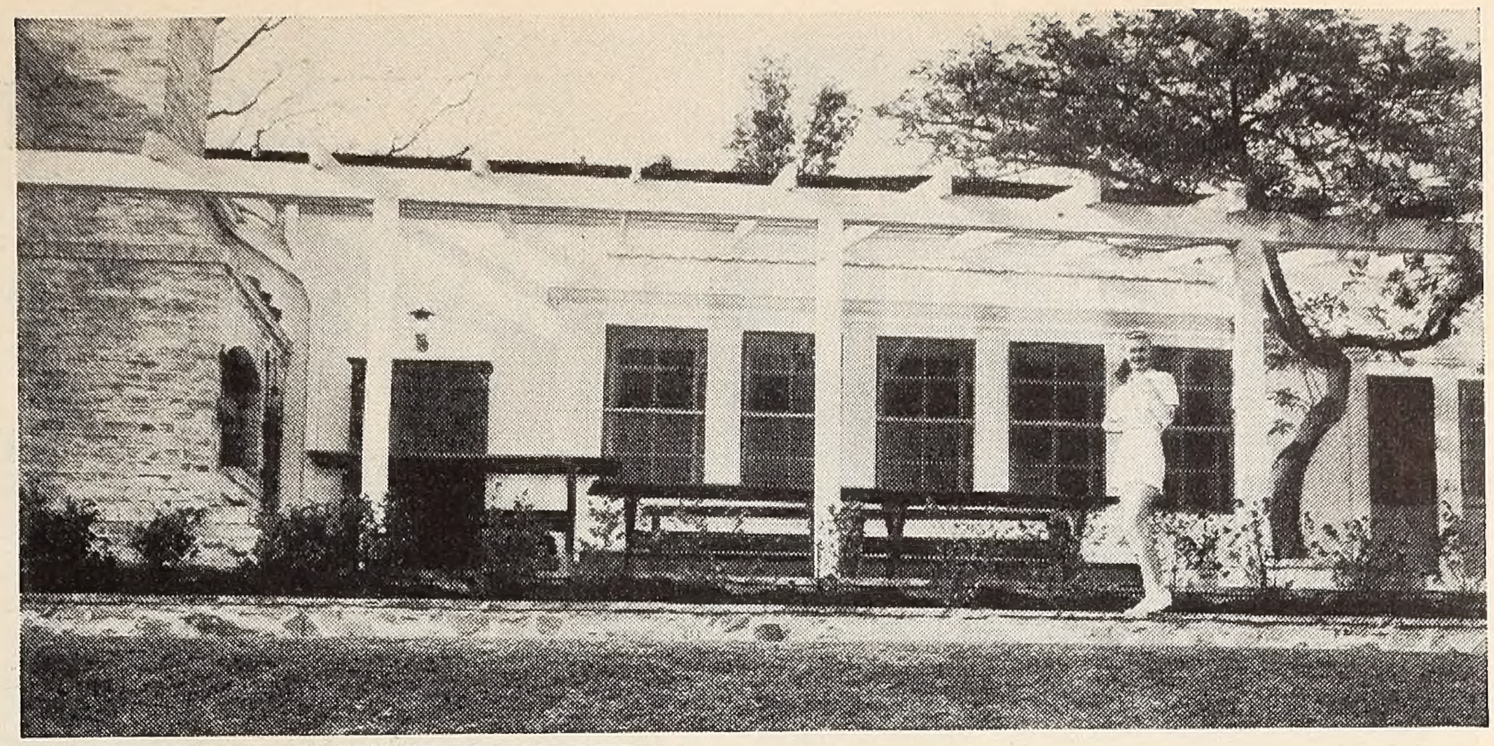
The fountain is a semi-circle built into the end of the room before half-a-dozen Venetian-blinded windows. The counter is spill-proof, and there's a rail for restless feet. Beneath the counter are the containers, each equipped with four kinds of ice cream, a dishwasher, and a small frigidaire in which ice is always handy and wherein odd kinds of cream can be made.

"We always keep a big can of pretzels behind the fountain," said Ginger, exhibiting it, "and cans of popcorn, nuts and syrup for our 'messes.' You'd be surprised

how much a dash of salt adds to the sweet dish. Lots of the crowd who come here like whole salted peanuts on their ice cream. Candied ginger is good, too, used instead of nuts. Almonds seem the favorite nut for fancy dishes. But most of us go in for jam or thick preserves as sundaes. Ever try whole red sour cherries preserved in thick syrup?"

Ginger's own favorite is double-chocolate sundae, a holdover from childhood. One of her guests insists that a sprinkle of grape-nuts improves any ice cream dish.

"Bananas seem to vanish here," observed Mrs. Rogers. "I suppose that's because a banana split seems complicated and interesting to make. Parfaits, too, have their devotées—you know, a small scoop of strawberry, one of pineapple, one of pistachio,



"On top of the world!" Ginger's own description of her hill-top home. Across page on left, she relaxes for a little knitting on the terrace. Grand for nerves, knitting! Above, she takes in her very own view. Left, at the famous soda bar in her playroom, concocting one of the dainty dishes described in our story.

a dash of whipped cream and a dusting of nuts. Or any variation."

A favorite parfait of Ginger's is made as follows:

ANGEL PARFAIT

1 cup sugar
¼ cup water
2 egg whites
1 pint whipping cream
2 teaspoons Burnett's Vanilla
1/16 teaspoon salt

Boil water and sugar slowly without

(*Continued on page 81*)

HERE'S THRILLING NEW LUSTRE FOR HAIR ALL SUMMER LONG

Amazing Shampoo Discovery
leaves hair unbelievably soft, manageable, and radiantly beautiful
—whether dry, normal or oily

THIS summer, you can easily and quickly see your hair become more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible. Soft, radiantly beautiful, easy to manage—even on hottest days. For, today, there are two amazing kinds of Drene Shampoo, which work seeming beauty miracles for hair during hot summer months. Remove beauty-clouding dirt, grease and perspiration with a single sudsing. Leave hair silky-smooth, fragrant, beautiful beyond description.

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Drene performs this beauty miracle because it is different from ordinary shampoos. So different that the process by which it is made has been patented. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. It employs a remarkable, new, patented cleansing element that actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water. We have not found a milder, safer, more beautifying shampoo. Yet, hair is left gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses of any kind.

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In Hollywood
where all outdoors is a playground for the movie stars; where beaches are lined with world-famous beauties—a survey made by the leading Hollywood newspaper revealed that more women now buy Drene Shampoo to keep their hair beautiful than all other leading shampoos combined.

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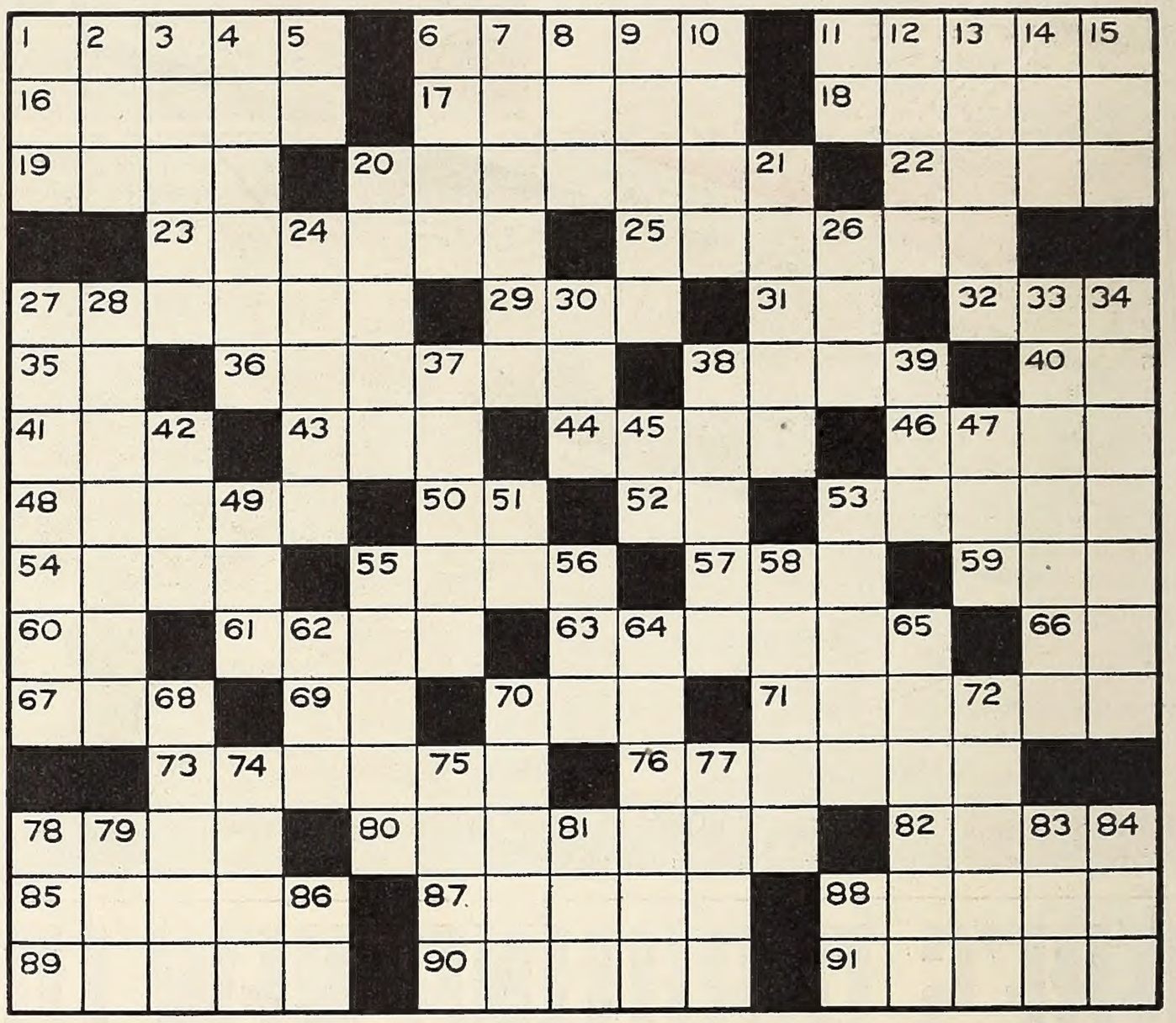
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1 Co-star of "Test Pilot"
6 Odor
11 She's featured in "There's Always a Woman"
16 He plays "Robin Hood"
17 Premature
18 Star of "Divorce of Lady X"
19 Golf mounds
20 She's starred in "It's All Yours"
22 Load
23 Latest
25 Annually
27 She recently married Robert Kent
29 Owned
31 To act
32 Dry (as wine)
35 Shut up!
36 Pertaining to the state
38 Killed
40 Behold!
41 To bind
43 Prefix meaning three
44 She's Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
46 Part of your foot
48 To place in order (as troops)
50 Note of the scale
52 True
53 Good
54 Holly
55 Scottish swing gal in "Goldwyn Follies"
57 Star of "Women Are Like That"
59 Collection of data
60 Note of the scale
61 He's co-starred in "Girl of the Golden West"
63 Belonging to them
66 Either
67 What you use to see a movie
69 Public notice (abbrev.)
70 "Every Day's a Holiday" with her!
71 Derides
73 A writer or notary
76 She's played lots of comedy with Charlie Ruggles
78 Otherwise
80 Classic Muse of Music
82 Old
85 Ornaments strung around your neck
87 River embankment
88 "- - - - - Door," with Hepburn and Rogers
89 Napoleon in "Conquest"
90 Muscle
91 Common wool fabric

DOWN

1 Acquire
2 Part of verb to be
3 He's featured in "Jezebel"
4 Those who don't win
5 He plays Yonnie in "Happy Landing"
6 Oceans
7 Her big mouth is featured in "College Swing"
8 To make a mistake
9 Spectacled star in "Professor Beware"
10 He's featured in "Call of the Yukon"
11 Exist
12 To dispose of for money
13 Salvers
14 "In - - - Chicago," a movie
15 Female sandpiper
20 Evergreen tree
21 Large spoon
24 Droll
26 Fish eggs
27 Tap dancing male star
28 She's the box-office Baby
30 Everyone
33 She played "Rosalie"
34 Neckbands
37 The second wife in "The Good Earth"
38 Talked
39 Which one?
42 Before
45 You and me
47 Epoch
49 Wood chopping tool
51 He's married to Ruby Keeler
53 She co-stars in "Test Pilot"
55 Comic star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
56 Negrito
58 Passage in a movie theatre
62 Women's patriotic organization (abbrev.)
64 A Jew
65 Body of lawmakers
68 Literary composition
70 Rhythm
72 Charlie McCarthy's father
74 To yield
75 Electric light globe
77 Unclosed
78 "- - - Tide," a movie
79 The M-G-M lion
81 Heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
83 What a hen lays
84 She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
86 The elder (abbrev.)
88 Steamship (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	B	L	E		G	R	A	C	E		B	E	T	T	E
E	R	R	O	L		R	O	Y	A	L		E	T	H	E	L
N	E	E		A	G	O	G		B	L	U	E		E	S	S
T	A	N	S		A	W	E		O	A	K		B	I	T	E
		T	O	B	Y		R	U	T		E	W	E	R		
A	S		S	A	N	E	S	T		A	S	I	A		A	M
B	I	D		R	O	D		E	R	R		T	R	A	C	Y
A	M	O		B	R	I	M		A	R	C	H		T	O	R
S	O	N	J	A		F	E	W		O	R	E		E	R	N
E	N		O	R	G	Y		H	O	W	A	R	D		N	A
		F	E	A	R		S	O	B		T	S	A	R		
I	D	O	L		A	C	T		E	W	E		B	I	N	G
T	U	N		L	Y	R	E		R	E	S	T		L	E	A
E	D	D	I	E		A	E	S	O	P		A	M	E	E	R
M	E	A	N	T		G	R	A	N	T		B	U	D	D	Y

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

New star! Roy Rogers, singing, riding, romancing Western hero.

Celeste N. Some of the films in which Joan Bennett appeared were "Bulldog Drummond," "Three Live Ghosts," "Mississippi Gambler," "Disraeli;" these are the first four in which she appeared. Her latest have been "Vogues of 1938" and "I Met My Love Again." Next, "The Texans," opposite Randy Scott.

Adele B. Tim Holt's education began in the Carl Curtis Grammar school; then public high school and later, Culver Military Academy. He graduated from Culver in 1936 with outstandingly high honors. He is one of the best all-round young sportsmen in Hollywood. Polo, swimming, tennis, and badminton are his favorite sports. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has light brown curly hair and brown eyes. He played an important rôle in "Stella Dallas."

Theresa C. Ann Harding was born in Texas, August 17, 1904. Her real name is Anna Gately. Her first stage experience was with the Provincetown Players, after which she played in "Tarnish," "The Woman Disputed," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and various other plays. She appeared on the screen for the last six years. Now she is the wife of Werner Janssen, composer-conductor, and has not made a picture since her marriage.

Ruth S. of Boston. You want to know all about Barton MacLane? He was born in Columbia, S. C. Graduated from Wesleyan University in 1925, appeared on the stage in several plays, after which Paramount signed him for a long-term contract. More recently, under the Warner Bros. banner.

L. B. H. Who played in the film, "Miss Lulu Bett"? Some Years ago, you say; to be exact, it was *sixteen* years ago! It was produced by William de Mille for Paramount, in 1921. Lois Wilson played the lead. Some of her other pictures were "The Covered Wagon," "What Every Woman Knows," "Manslaughter," "On Trial," "The Show-off," "There's Always Tomorrow," and many others.

Geraldine S. Allan Jones, Charles Winniger, Paul Robeson, Donald Cook, Sammy White and Francis X. Mahoney were the male cast of "Show Boat." Wendy Barrie came from England. No, she isn't married.

NEW ICE DEODORANT is cooling, vanishes completely, checks perspiration instantly

HERE'S the last word in underarm daintiness made to order for busy, fastidious moderns! The new Odorono ICE meets *all* the requirements . . . quick application, greaseless, cooling, *checks perspiration!*

Based on an entirely new principle—this new ICE deodorant disappears as you put it on. Leaves your underarm cool and refreshed, yet checks perspiration instantly! You can forget about offending odors and embarrassing stains for as much as three whole days. Use Odorono ICE according to directions on the label of the jar.

Protect your feminine charm—the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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* **ODO-RO-NO ICE**
COOLING — NON-GREASY

Try the *NEW* different

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

the dental discovery of the century

Supercharged
WITH
LUSTER-FOAM
($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . *you can actually feel it work.* Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

Areas Never Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, *even water*, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And *now* is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GET ACQUAINTED OFFER

1¢ SALE

PAY ONLY 1¢
FOR BIG 25¢ TUBE
of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste
WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE

For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1¢-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly. If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, *return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.*

Money back if not satisfied

IT'S NEW!

At all drug counters NOW!

Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts

The Editor's Page

Loretta Young, right, acknowledged beauty and "best-dressed girl." Above, with Joel McCrea in her latest picture. At far right, Loretta the actress, as she appeared with Eric Linden in a superb performance in "Life Begins"—remember?

An Open Letter to Loretta Young

LOVELY LORETTA:

I remember a very young girl in a picture called "Life Begins." She was a most poignant little person with wonderfully expressive eyes and a pathos that made even strong men gulp. She wrung hearts with her passionate sincerity; she made everyone feel so sorry for her that it was hard to believe she was really a well-fed, prosperous Hollywood ingénue, just giving a performance. Yes, she was *that* good. It seemed to us as we watched that little girl grow up that she was going to be the best darn actress of them all. In "A Man's Castle" she convinced us that we were right. There would be no stopping this girl. She was going places, gathering Academy Awards as she went. That girl's name was Loretta Young, in case you're interested.

Now what I'm curious about is this: what happened to her? You should know. I see someone called Loretta Young today, getting prettier with every new picture —poised, expensively dressed, perfectly beautiful to watch. Soothing to the eye with her flawless grace and assurance; soothing to the ear with her exquisitely modulated, carefully cultivated voice. But—that's all. She's a shadow, and when she vanishes from the scene someone else claims attention and I forget all about her. Some newcomer like Marjorie Weaver bounces on and with a bit of wholehearted, joyous abandon, captures the show. In "Four Men and a Prayer," with all the masculine inspiration afforded by David Niven and George Sanders and Richard Greene, you were as lovely, as gracious, as gorgeous to look at as ever—but there was no warmth there. Disney's Miss Snow White had more substance.

Can't a Glamor Girl be a human being as well? In attaining pictorial perfection, must you lose reality? Not that I wish you'd go around in rags and a wan look, registering recession. I like a fashion show as well as the next one. But the "most famous models in the world" in "Vogues of 1938" wore clothes beautifully, too, and you don't see them on the screen. Consider the actresses—Bette Davis, Colbert, Lombard, Oberon, Shearer—all of them get around, are dressed by Carnegie, or Chanel, or Schiaparelli, as the case may be; know Whitneys, visit El Morocco and the Trocadero, frankly enjoy life on the upper levels. But —and this is what's important—*they don't show it on the screen.* They manage to remain, by mad effort or sheer artistry, convincing actresses and likeable personalities. They have life, and color, and humor, and they make you believe in everything they do, whether they believe it themselves or not.

Now if you've lost interest in acting, as such, skip it. But I don't think you have. I think you're as fiercely ambitious as a Crawford; I know your brilliant intelligence can get you anywhere you really care to go. So—please go ahead again. Make us "sorry" for you again, Loretta, please!

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl

Come along with SCREENLAND'S exclusive cameraman as he catches the stars off-guard at gay spots all around town! Watch for this feature every month, for the real lens low-down on pet celebrities

All photographs by Len Weissman

We know you've never seen Gary Cooper and his wife pictured so carefree as they are above! Weissman's camera catches the Coopers as they stop dancing to say hello to a table of friends including Franchot Tone, at right. Now catch the Fred MacMurrays in a rare off-guard close-up at a preview, upper right. And now here's a grand shot of Margaret Sullavan as she greets Ginger Rogers at the Trocadero—Maggie's agent husband, Leland Hayward, is also Ginger's agent.

Charlie McCarthy is missing from the gay group at left—but that's just why Edgar Bergen looks so happy. Ken Murray at left, with Jon Hall and his bride, Songbird Frances Langford. Below: who says Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power were only publicity-romancers? If you ask us, we'd say that the calling-off is the publicity, not the romance. Anyway, our camera snoop catches up with Janet and Ty at La-Maze, restaurant with most exotic food—and hugest portions—in all Hollywood.

Presenting SCREENLAND'S *exclusive ace camera reporter, Len Weissman, whose candid flashes will be a regular monthly feature of this magazine from now on.*

More LaMaze, and l'amour! Those perennial newlyweds, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, beam at each other as Weissman's camera close-ups 'em. How'd you like Alice's orchid coiffure? At left, Claudette Colbert steps out with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. She's wearing just one of her new Paris gowns.

More spot-shots of the stars in the Hollywood Whirl, by SCREENLAND's on-the-spot camera reporter, Len Weissman. Watch for this feature every month from now on!

A big party for producer Darryl Zanuck at the Trocadero brought out Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer, top left. Note that Pat (Paterson) Boyer is wearing one of the currently popular modern diamond-and-gold bracelets, and carrying the big evening vanity now in vogue among Hollywood beauties. The large picture above shows the different ways stars react to the flash-shots. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., fingers his tie; Merle Oberon turns away to save her eyes; Jimmy Stewart says, "I can't take it!" but Norma Shearer looks right at the camera with unruffled poise. The place, the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills, where the party dined after the opening of the Ice Follies in Hollywood. Left, Norma in her white Grecian gown sails right in to the food, with Jimmy Stewart at left. How do you like this combination?

Trust Len Weissman to line up an interesting group like this, below! SCREENLAND's demon camera reporter catches those chums, Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer, at the wedding of Basil Rathbone's son, Rodion. Louella Parsons, noted movie columnist, and her husband, Dr. Martin, and Eddie Goulding, director, complete the group. At left below, Jon Hall and George Raft turn out for soft-ball game for charity. At right below, gala glimpse of Henry Fonda and his wife, at the "Bon Voyage" party for Zanuck. The Fondas are a really happy couple.

In this month's rotogravure we show you Sonja Henie at home and the dinner party she gave. Now, above, Weissman follows the Henie party as it progresses that same evening, with Sonja cutting the cake while Richard Greene, Eleanore Whitney, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Harry Losee look on. Right, a party for popular Jack Benny had that zany, Don Ameche, giving Jack a piggy-back ride. Place: the Cocoanut Grove of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel. Below, at the same party June Collyer Erwin enjoys a dance with husband Stu. Now, at botton of page, the Agony Sextet, made up of Ameche, George Burns, Chester Lauck (Lum of radio's Lum 'n Abner), Jack Benny, Stuart Erwin, and Jimmy Ritz, do a little of that late-hour yodeling.

Get into the party spirit of Hollywood with the cream of the candid spot-shots by Weissman shown on these pages!

with Nelson Eddy

mischievousness or into abstract seriousness and aloofness, on the whole thoroughly likable. Nelson said: "Go ahead, write anything you want so long as you stick to facts."

Being endowed with a sensitive nature and having been frequently misquoted, even embarrassingly so (take the time a woman reporter with a grudge quoted Nelson as saying: "Hollywood actresses are insincere and look like animated paint boxes!")—Nelson can scarcely be blamed for his present attitude. On the other hand, with few exceptions every story that has appeared in print on Nelson sounds like a phonograph record, reeling off the same tune: that Eddy was a newspaper copy-desk editor who couldn't pay for vocal lessons, so he learned to sing from Caruso's phonograph recordings, and he became a concert artist and was picked up by an M-G-M talent scout at a Los Angeles concert and skyrocketed to stardom in "Naughty Marietta."

Yes, the stories tell how hard he works, constantly and continually making movies, recordings, appearing on the radio and in concert — and editors sigh and vow they'd consign such stories to the wastepaper basket because the theme is so worn out—if there were any others. Writers delve for new angles on Nelson, but he edits out all the personal and intimate things they write about him for fear they'll misquote him. So you can't blame the writers, either.

It all started (stepping out with Eddy, I mean), when I told Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I'd like to talk to Nelson one afternoon. Of course, they said. It sounded that easy. Nelson was home so they telephoned him, but he said he had a date, was busy—(he didn't say with whom).

Then that Eddy conscience went to work on Nelson (he has a very stern New England one, that would be convenient to chuck once in a while, only it sticks right with him), so he called back and told the studio he'd talk to me next day at two o'clock.

Now as everyone knows, Nelson is very particular about any encroachment on his privacy or personal life. So when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent me out to his home in Beverly Hills in a studio car, Mr. Eddy just secreted himself upstairs, and had his secretary greet me at the door, and inform me that Mr. Eddy had just left for the studio to keep the appointment. But there in front of his drive stood his long convertible sports sedan!

Nelson and I arrived at the studio at the same time, and breathlessly barged into the publicity office.

"You should know better than to send anyone out to my home," he reprimanded a head of that department. Then he turned and saw me standing right behind him.

"*You* should know better than to have your secretary say you're not home when your car was standing right there in front," I countered. And Nelson looked a bit sheepish, and apologized.

"I'm sorry, really I am," he said. "But a fellow has to have some sanctity, and I've been trying to keep my house address a secret. I've only moved four times since I've lived out here, but movie-guides out on Sunset (*Please turn to page 87*)

Below, another candid camera glimpse of Miss Mann with Mr. Eddy. At right below, a love scene with Jeanette MacDonald, his screen sweetheart. Our story is no stereotyped studio interview, but the real account of a colorful meeting with Nelson Eddy pictured at his best, that is, himself—as in the portrait at right.

Charlie McCarthy Makes a Slave of Bergen

Is the Immortal Dummy unfair to Edgar Bergen? Here's a frank report on that very interesting question

By Charles Darnton

The dominant Dummy sits quietly by on the set and lets Bergen do all the work! You'll see both Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen in a new film called "Letter of Introduction." At bottom of page: Bergen with Andrea Leeds and Adolphe Menjou—reunion from "Goldwyn Follies;" and at right, the priceless pair with Rita Johnson.

IT WAS a pleasant surprise to find Charlie McCarthy at breakfast. And surely he found himself in pleasant company, what with the charming Andrea Leeds and the *distingue* Adolphe Menjou, not to mention the inseparable Edgar Bergen. Then, too—my eyes!—there was an imposing English butler for our young friend to cock his monocle at over the gleaming silverware. Clawss, Bergen, upper clawss!

For that matter, Charlie himself was realizing the lofty ambition of many a Broadway actor by wearing a high hat to breakfast. Glossily assured, no one could put anything over on him. Not, possibly for anatomical reasons, that he was putting anything down. Food seemed to be the least of his lively satisfactions. Yet, frown as well he might upon so gauche a vulgarism, he was hogging the scene.

It was a scene in "Letter of Introduction" at Universal Studio, with all eyes on Charlie. Those of the Belasco-like John Stahl were fixed solely and intently on Mr. Bergen's impish boy. After ordering the scene to be done again, the white-haired director delightedly exclaimed, "That's what I want!"

"Then wyin'ell didn't you say so in the first place?" snapped Charlie.

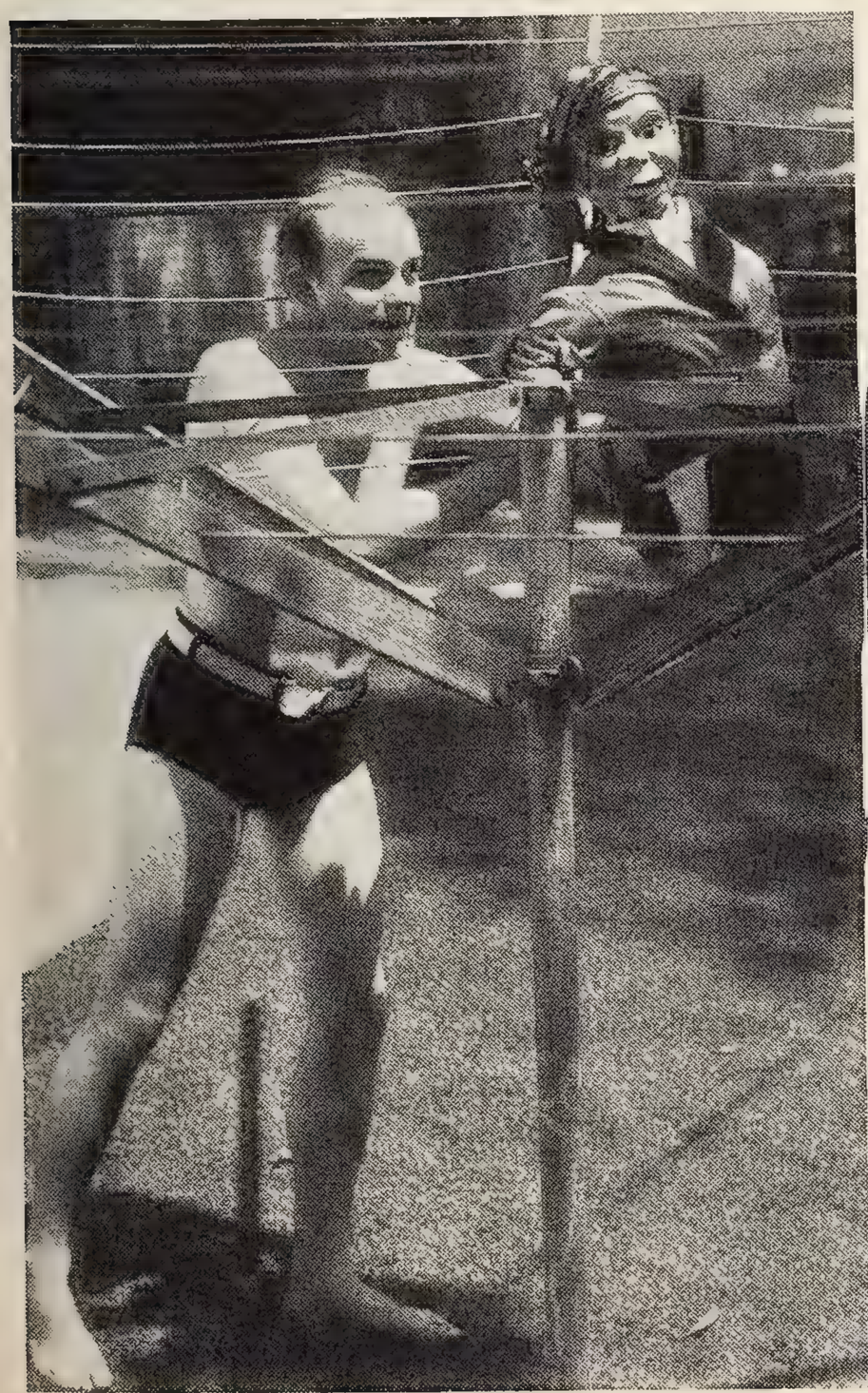
Life, as always with Charlie on the premises, was merry and bright. Broad grins widened the faces of cameramen, electricians, prop men, carpenters and script girl, all on the *qui vive*—or maybe it was just their toes—for the unexpected to happen. Mr. Bergen could be relied upon for that. But, in his bland innocence, you'd think butter wouldn't melt on his morning toast.

More than once both Miss Leeds and Mr. Menjou had

to dip into their coffee to save their faces. But Charlie caught Bergen at it and brought him up sharply with, "At home he drinks out of the saucer." The poor butler had nothing to cover his discomfiture, only the tony coffee pot, and he couldn't drink out of that. Strutting pompously about, his plumpish figure made an open target for Charlie's lightning shafts. And what do you suppose that little brat did when his helpless victim was serving him? Burped, that's what he did! Then he had the unblushing cheek to put the onus of it, a breach of etiquette Emily Post never would condone, on that pained family retainer by magnanimously chirping, "That's all right, old man, I do it myself sometimes!"

All these little things, including the burp, were not out of the script, but straight out of Bergen. No one, even the chortling director, knew what was coming next. Same here. For no sooner had the unpredictable Bergen finished breakfast than he went to lunch, taking Charlie and me along to his dressing-room. On the door, nothing if not significant, was Charlie's name in large letters and Bergen's in small ones. Plainly, the living man had deliberately subordinated himself to his inanimate creation. Showmanship? I couldn't quite believe that to be true. It seemed far more likely that the inventor had come to feel his invention had outgrown himself. In any case, it had today made Edgar Bergen the most unique and popular figure in the whole amusement world. So possibly the explanation of his strangely interesting attitude was to be found in a single word—gratitude.

What struck me as still more curious was the manner of the man. It was, almost startlingly, like Charlie's. That is, as Bergen talked his head kept turning, quite unconsciously, right and left. Now please do not let me for an instant give the impression there was in this anything physically freakish. On the contrary, it was a wholly natural reaction to his words, part of the rhythm which is in him and has gone into the making of Charlie McCarthy. At no time was it marked, at others barely perceptible. (*Please turn to page 84*)



"Come down and get in the scene!" says Bergen to McCarthy, right. Who's boss, anyway? Left, Bergen hangs Charlie up to dry after a toss into the pool. At top right, the breakfast table scene described in our story.

Even Snakes Have Charm

A stirring serial reaches its dramatic climax when love awakens an impetuous star to the folly of her social ambitions

By Frederick Stowers

Please Turn to Page 90 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER V

PHIL lit a cigarette and eased himself into a chair. "Well, Duchess?"

"Don't call me Duchess!"

"Sorry. Just what is your present ranking among the nobility?" Marcia glared at him, but he went on, "Pardon my stupidity, I almost forgot—you're *Lady Mary*—or do you prefer La Court?"

"When you're through clowning I'd like to talk business," she said coldly.

"You may proceed at once. Your cold demeanor has completely chilled my mood for humorous dalliance."

"It's about the premier of my picture. I want to arrange for an opening such as London or even Hollywood has never seen before."

"Whew! You *are* asking for it in a big way."

"I'm *not* asking your advice," she said frigidly, "only requesting your assistance as a publicity man in arranging the preview."

"All right, my lady," Phil said with a grim smile, "I bow to your will. I gather what you want is a Sid Grauman opening in London: lights, loud speakers, introductions, and all that stuff?"

"Will you arrange for everything?" she evaded coldly.

"Oh, gladly. I'll even elaborate on it!"

"Please don't be sarcastic, Phil. Up until now you've been so sweet, letting me have my way about this picture."

"Sweetness didn't enter into it," he said with disarming frankness. "I simply grew tired of fighting you and trying to convince you I knew what was best for your career. I decided that the only way to cure you was to let you go ahead and do exactly as you pleased and bring about your own destruction."

Marcia's eyes flashed anger for a brief moment, then she faced her titled guests and with a dignity that mocked their own studied poise, she said: "I'd like to present my manager, Mr. Phil Burns, and my father, Mr. Joe Butch."

"You'll never give an inch to me, will you, Phil?"

"Not an inch."

Marcia regarded him with a touch of pity. "Why? Is it because you love me?"

Phil gave a start, then became cold. "You may remember that when we originally made an association I told you that first, last, and all the time our relations would be strictly business?"

"I remember."

"Have I ever stepped outside of that arrangement?"

"Well, no, you haven't."

"All right then, this is still strictly business. If I had

Illustrated By
Lloyd Wright

loved you I could never have permitted you to make this picture."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because I despise you!"

Marcia smiled with paternal sympathy. "That's why you agreed to let me play *Lady Mary*—because you despised me?"

"Yes, I was frankly giving you the chance to make a fool of yourself."

"Poor Phil! I'm sorry to have disappointed you."

"Oh, but you haven't. In fact, I was happily surprised. You've played the part beautifully—until the last three or four days from which time on—"

"What's wrong now?" Marcia asked, immediately aroused.

"In the beginning your conception of *Lady Mary* was magnificent," Phil said, with convincing sincerity.

"Really?" Marcia was pleased.

"It was superb. But lately—well, I don't like to hurt you, Marcia, but you've almost completely forgotten your English mannerisms and accent. Your strong American inhibitions have tricked you into reverting to the old Marcia Court of Hollywood."

"Oh Phil, you can't mean that!" Marcia cried.

"That's the way it is."

"But I was afraid I had been too broad at the start," she said unhappily.

"You have to be broad to put this sort of thing over on the screen. And you've definitely got to decide what nationality you're going to be in this picture. This hopping back and forth from high English to low American will give your public the jitters. You'll do well to emulate Anne."

"Oh—Anne!"

"Yes, Anne. She's never once gotten out of character since she started playing the American girl."

"You seem to think rather well of her," Marcia said resentfully.

"I do. I proposed marriage to her today."

"What!"

"I asked the lady to be my wife," Phil explained mildly.

"Well! Did she accept you?"

"No; she's in love with Larry."

"Oh! Now that *is* too bad."

"Why?"

"He isn't in love with her," Marcia said, a trifle smugly.

"Do you know that to be a fact?"

"Well, if showing a preference for one's society means anything—"

"Then you're aces? But I shouldn't start planning a trousseau just yet. It would be rather humiliating to discover that Larry had merely been regarding you as a somewhat interesting specimen."

"If you say any more hateful things you won't be invited to my supper party after the preview! And Larry is going to invite the guests for me—the smartest people in London."

Phil was stunned. "He's actually agreed to do that?"

"He certainly has."

"Hmmm. What have you been doing to him, Marcia?"

"Why?"

"It sounds as if you'd been letting your hair down and speaking out of turn."

"What do you mean by that?"

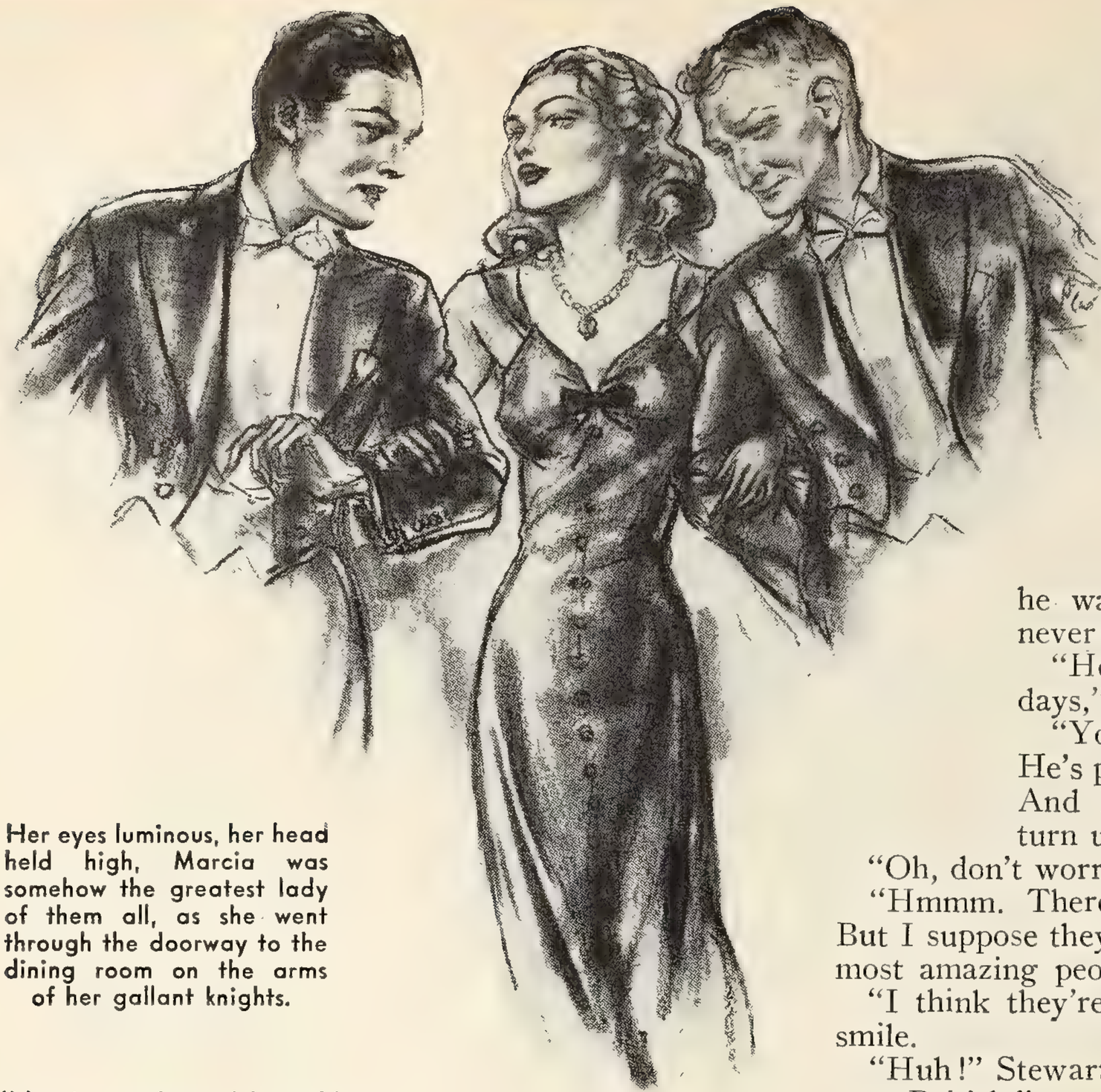
"Marcia," Phil said, gravely sympathetic, "I'm afraid you've been revealing your true self to Larry. First, he wants to see me on the set—for a reason you wouldn't understand. And now he's deliberately throwing you to the wolves."

"Do you want to come to my party or not?" she demanded furiously.

"My dear girl, this is the most perfect build-up to the most pathetic let-down I've ever heard of. I shouldn't miss it for worlds."

"Then you'd better stop being funny."

"Most abject apologies, your highness."



Her eyes luminous, her head held high, Marcia was somehow the greatest lady of them all, as she went through the doorway to the dining room on the arms of her gallant knights.

"And another thing, if you do come, you've got to promise me something."

Phil's eyes became bright and hard. "Ah, I'm to be a conditional guest—on sufference?"

"This party means everything to me and I won't have you doing something to make me uncomfortable."

Phil got up. "Yes, I know. I'll try to be the little gentleman." His eyes glinted cruelly as he walked to the door with her. "But as a last humane gesture I think I should warn you that the British have a way of turning social climbers into court buffoons."

As Marcia went out Phil crossed to Stewart's desk and picked up the phone. As he waited he said to himself, "May God forgive me—Marcia never will. . . ." Then into the phone, "What's that? Oh yes, connect me with the cable office. Cable office? I want to send a cable to Hollywood to Mr. Joe Butch."

. . . . . .

The lovely drawing room in Marcia's London apartment was deserted except for Larry Stewart, in evening clothes, walking back and forth, smoking a cigarette as he impatiently watched the graceful curve of stairs leading to the upper floor. He was relieved to see Anne descending. Snuffing out his cigarette he met her at the foot of the stairs. "Well?"

"Not a word," Anne told him.

"She hasn't mentioned the picture."

"No. She's only interested in the outcome of her supper party. She's worried to death for fear the guests won't arrive."

"But surely she must realize they laughed in the wrong places—if she expected them to take her seriously?"

"I think she's overcome that the picture received such a tremendous ovation."

"Did they actually like it for what it is?"

"They loved it! It's grand entertainment, and killingly funny. And no matter what difficulties we may have with Marcia the picture will make a million. It'll put you at the top, Larry."

Stewart was pleased. "I say, old girl, that's handsome of you; but you were the hit of the piece, you know."

"I'm good only because of Marcia—there's something about that girl—she has tremendous sweep."

"Oh, come now, Anne, that's being over-generous."

"No, it's being honest. She's really magnificent. She'll be the biggest thing in pictures."

"Really! Well, I'll be relieved when this night is over. I've never been through such frightful suspense."

"Did you see Phil at the theatre?"

"Only for a moment and then he was with some strange little man I'd never seen before."

"He's been acting queerly for the last few days," Anne said thoughtfully.

"You can't blame him for being nervous. He's probably dreading seeing Marcia again. And I shouldn't be surprised if he didn't turn up at all tonight."

"Oh, don't worry; he'll want to be in at the kill!"

"Hmmm. There'll probably be a bit of bloodshed. But I suppose they'll survive it; these Americans are the most amazing people."

"I think they're sweet," Anne said with a contented smile.

"Huh!" Stewart looked at her sharply. "Well, I'll still vote British."

"I've been counting on that," Anne said softly.

"What!"

"I've been counting on your being as thoroughly British as Big Ben, with English preferences so deeply rooted that they could never change."

"But, Anne, surely you didn't think—"

"Yes, Larry, I did—for a time."

"Anne, darling, how could you be so ridiculous!"

"Forgive me!"

Stewart took Anne in his arms and kissed her as the butler softly crossed the drawing room to the hallway. Marcia came around the curve of the stairs. She paused for one shocked moment to view the tableau below, then Lord and Lady Marble were ushered in. Anne and Stewart broke as Marcia, regaining poise, descended the steps to meet her guests. Anne and Larry exchanged a brief glance, wondering if Marcia had seen them.

Marcia, the charming hostess, greeted Lord and Lady Marble. "I'm so happy you could come."

"My dear, all the King's Guards couldn't have kept me away—after having seen your picture."

"Nor I," said Lord Marble. "I've always regarded the cinema as rather stupid. But, my dear girl, you were a treat; and you too, Anne. I really can't say which of you gave the finer performance."

"That's sweet of you," Marcia said graciously. "I'm sure the honors go to Anne."

Ronald Pelton, the explorer, a fine sunbrown fellow, came in with a bright-eyed, rangy English girl. Lord and Lady Marble drifted down to Stewart and Anne as Marcia greeted Pelton and the girl.

"Mr. Pelton, it was so good of you to come and bring Miss Buffington."

"It was jolly of you to ask us," said Pelton. "And I want to compliment you on the most delightfully ironical characterization I've ever seen. Your polo *contretemps* were dashed amusing."

This was something of a blow to Marcia, but it was quickly passed over by the arrival of new guests. The butler and a maid came with *hors d'ouevres* and cocktails. As the guests were seated (*Please turn to page 90*)

New Shirley Temple Contest

Shirley invites you—youngsters, oldsters, everybody—to enter her new SCREENLAND contest. New prizes—no hard work—just fun for the family. Join in!

Here is the newest and, we think, the loveliest photographic portrait of Shirley as she looks today, age nine. Beautiful reproductions of this photograph will be included among the prizes, personally autographed by the little star herself. And don't forget—Second Prize is the original of our cover.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE: A Complete Wardrobe of Shirley Temple clothes consisting of:

- 3 party frocks (the type of dresses little girls like to wear—and little girls' mothers like to have them wear—on Sundays and very special occasions)
- 2 summer dresses
- 5 back-to-school dresses (useful, of course, but very nice, too.)

SECOND PRIZE: The Original Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple by Marland Stone appearing on this issue of SCREENLAND—suitably framed, a beautiful picture in full color, a perfect likeness of the beloved little star at the age of 9—anyone, man, woman, or child, would be proud to own it

THIRD PRIZE: Another Wardrobe of Shirley Temple clothes consisting of:

- 2 party frocks
- 1 summer dress
- 3 back-to-school dresses

FOURTH PRIZE: Autographed Photographic Portrait of Shirley Temple, to be personally inscribed by the little star herself to one dozen winners of Fourth Prizes

FIFTH PRIZE: Back-to-school Wardrobe consisting of 6 practical—and pretty school dresses

SIXTH PRIZE: Current Wardrobe consisting of 3 dress-up frocks and 1 summer dress

SEVENTH PRIZE: 3 summer dresses

ADDITIONAL PRIZES: 31 back-to-school dresses to be given as single prizes

Now Please Turn the Page for Rules and Complete Instructions of Contest!

SCREENLAND presents, by popular request, our third Shirley Temple Contest. Yes, the little star is growing up, but so gracefully that she is keeping all her "old" admirers and winning new friends and fans all the time. According to present plans of Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, Shirley's parents, the most famous little girl in the world will, upon completion of "Lucky Penny" for 20th Century-Fox, start on a vacation trip which will take her to the principal cities of the United States, with special emphasis upon Washington, D. C., where she will visit the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; New York, the New England Coast—in fact, all points of historical interest possible. No, it will not be a "personal appearance tour"—but inevitably some lucky people will see Shirley, if only for a glimpse; and will be thrilled to answer Question Number 1 in our contest: "What do you think of Shirley in person?" But if you miss seeing Shirley in person, then answer Question Number 2: "Why I would like to see Shirley Temple in person." State your answer in not more than 300 words. Be sure to read the rules on opposite page. Your answers need not be elaborate. Clarity and cleverness will count, of course; but simply stated answers will carry as much weight as "fussy" entrants. Anyone can enter! Now go ahead!

So many little girls wanted to "wear clothes like Shirley Temple's" that there is now a steady supply of dresses such as Shirley wears. On this page we show you typical Shirley Temple dresses, of which we offer many in our contest.

The Shirley Temple dresses offered in SCREENLAND *contest courtesy of Rosenau Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of the Shirley Temple dresses.*

Shirley swings it, wearing one of her favorite dresses, above. She poses in other models also on this page. Perhaps you will be lucky enough to catch a personal glimpse of Shirley herself as she takes her vacation trip. Then you will wish to write what you think of her "in the flesh," not a motion picture. But even if you don't see Shirley you can enjoy this contest, so get busy right away and write your answer to one of our two contest questions. Below, Shirley in a scene with Charles Farrell from her latest film, completed before her vacation.

Contest, S
New York,

I am enteri
with my letter

Name.....

Street Address...

City .....

What's happening to our Glamor Boys and Girls? Trading the Troc for the truly rural? Read and see!

By

Liza

Can you imagine Carole Lombard taking a correspondence course in agriculture? If you can't, better read our story and be convinced. Left, Lombard, the Farmerette. Below, with Clark Gable on the ranch. Left below, Barbara Stanwyck of the "Marwyck Ranch."

International

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but to me they are very important. Go away, please. I'm deep in citrus."

Time was when a friend could find some very entertaining reading matter in the Lombard living room, the newest biography, the latest fiction, even a juicy detective story with a murder in every chapter. But no more. The table was cluttered with Bulletin 417, "Poultry Feeding; Principles and Practice;" and Bulletin 515, "The European Brown Snail in California," and Bulletin 595, "Flavors of Milk and their Control." I finally decided in favor of "The Continuous Can Washer for Dairy Plants" but relinquished that in favor of "Alfalfa Diseases." You have no idea.

And time was, out Hollywood way, when a movie star

concentrated on her allure, her star sapphires, her exotic perfumes specially blended to suit her temperament, her Schiaparelli, and her diamond bracelets, and was rarely seen by her public except when, hatted and coated in sables she stepped out of her aristocratic town car—the very embodiment of glamor, success, wealth, all the magic things that human beings long for. But that was before the Glamorous Ones discovered the soil! I'm sure Columbus discovering America (or was it another guy?) couldn't have been more excited than the movie folk were when they first sighted land in San Fernando Valley. Such screaming and carrying on! Dirt—which used to be something they read in the lowdown column of a local trade paper—suddenly became something just too, too divine that they could grow things in. Why, it's rumored that several of the girls even broke their long red finger nails pulling up a weed or two in the alfalfa. Hollywood went back to the soil with a vengeance.

The most popular stampede was out around Chatsworth, Reseda, and Hidden Valley. There was something about a rolling hill they just couldn't resist. Here they cut themselves a flock of acres, ranging from twenty to two hundred, and with the assistance of an expensive architect built themselves smart little twenty-six room farmhouses with hot and cold running water, barbecues, bars, swimming pools, and terrible odors from the stables when the wind blew the wrong way. It's really not for fun, they said—having the time of their lives, or pretending to—it's all for revenue. So they planted fruit or feed and stocked up on horses and cows.

Among the movie crowd farming away like mad for revenue out in the San Fernando Valley are Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Paul Kelly, Francis Lederer, Hugh Herbert, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, Wallace Beery, Mae West, Edward Everett Horton, and a whole slue of writers and directors. Mae West uses her ranch lands for a trotting track. Eddie Everett Horton calls his vast estate "Belly Acres" on account he claims he built it from belly laughs and so serious is Eddie over being a gentleman farmer that he comes into town on Saturday nights to meet with the city fathers to discuss taxes and drainage. His pigs are his pride and joy, and no guest at "Belly Acres" can avoid a visit to the pigpen with Eddie. My dear, bring plenty of *parfum* and don't wear anything shimmering and sheer.

Barbara Stanwyck has turned her acreage into a stock farm for thoroughbred horses and the inhabitants of Reseda no longer bat their eyes when Barbara and Bob, in dungarees and looking like something the cat wouldn't even bring in, do their Saturday shopping in the local grocery stores. Francis Lederer went in for walnuts and was so pleased with his first crop that he sent little burlap bags around to his friends with

More high-powered Hollywood hayseeds! Bing Crosby, above left, actually enjoys operating one of the tractors he purchased for use on his ranch near Del Mar, a few miles from the race track the Crooner promoted. Crosby's ranch is no mere rich man's toy, but a paying establishment. Joel McCrea, above, is a down-to-earth farmer. He really gets dirt in his finger nails, when he isn't busy on a picture. Left, view of the McCrea ranch.

"Nuts to you" labels on them. Someone had to explain to the handsome Czech that some people might get offended. Robert Taylor developed an overhead irrigation system that may revolutionize farming in semi-arid areas. Imagine.

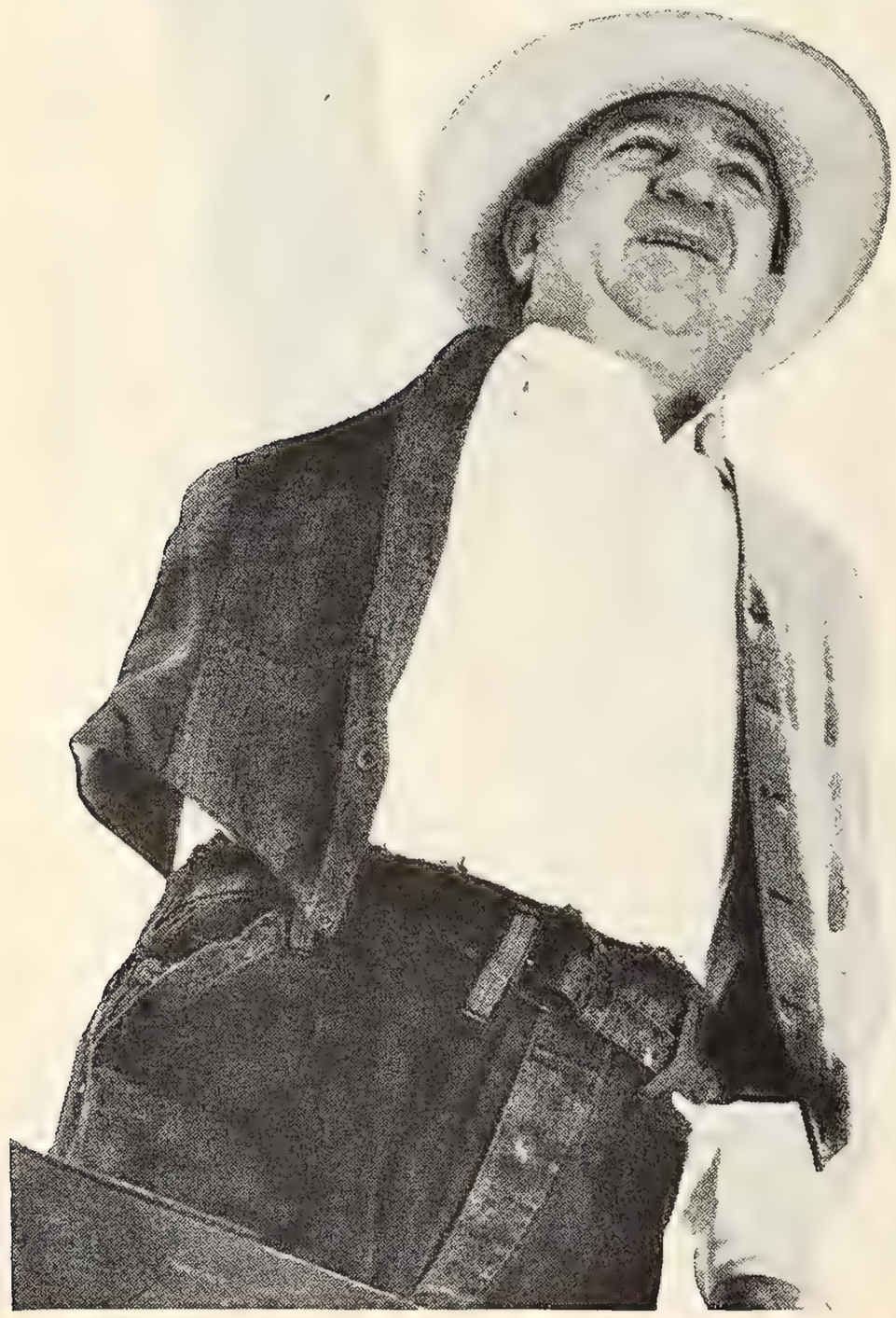
Well, just as they had formerly lost plenty of dough backing the middle dozen in Hollywood night clubs the movie crowd, for the most part, proceeded to lose their shirts trying to grow things that wouldn't grow and breed things that wouldn't breed. They knew their camera angles, but they didn't know their citrus fruits.

Now that's where Carole Lombard was smart. The back to the farm movement hit her right between the eyes, too, and there she was with nothing to do until her next picture script was completed and Clark Gable gone hunting in Mexico, so Carole drove out to the San Fernando Valley and bought herself ten acres of land. But unlike her confreres she just didn't throw a bevy of cows, horses, chickens and seeds at it and expect miracles—not Carole. With all that merry madness, that priceless insanity that's as exhilarating as a double martini, Missy Lombard is at times a very sensible young lady. "What do I know about agriculture?" said Carole. "Nothing. I can't afford a farm just for the luxury. I want a farm that will pay for itself. I want to reap more than a crop of freckles."

And that's how the luscious Miss Lombard of the cinema came to take a correspondence course. Now if I can just meet a murderer and a magician!

"Dear Sir," Carole wrote to the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of California, "I am interested in your correspondence course in agriculture but before enrolling would like to get some advice on the studies. Could you tell me how to lay out fifty acres the most systematically to derive the most from my land? Also could you suggest how to make a farm of this size pay for itself? I would like to take all the courses in farming, so please let me know where I should start and the prices."

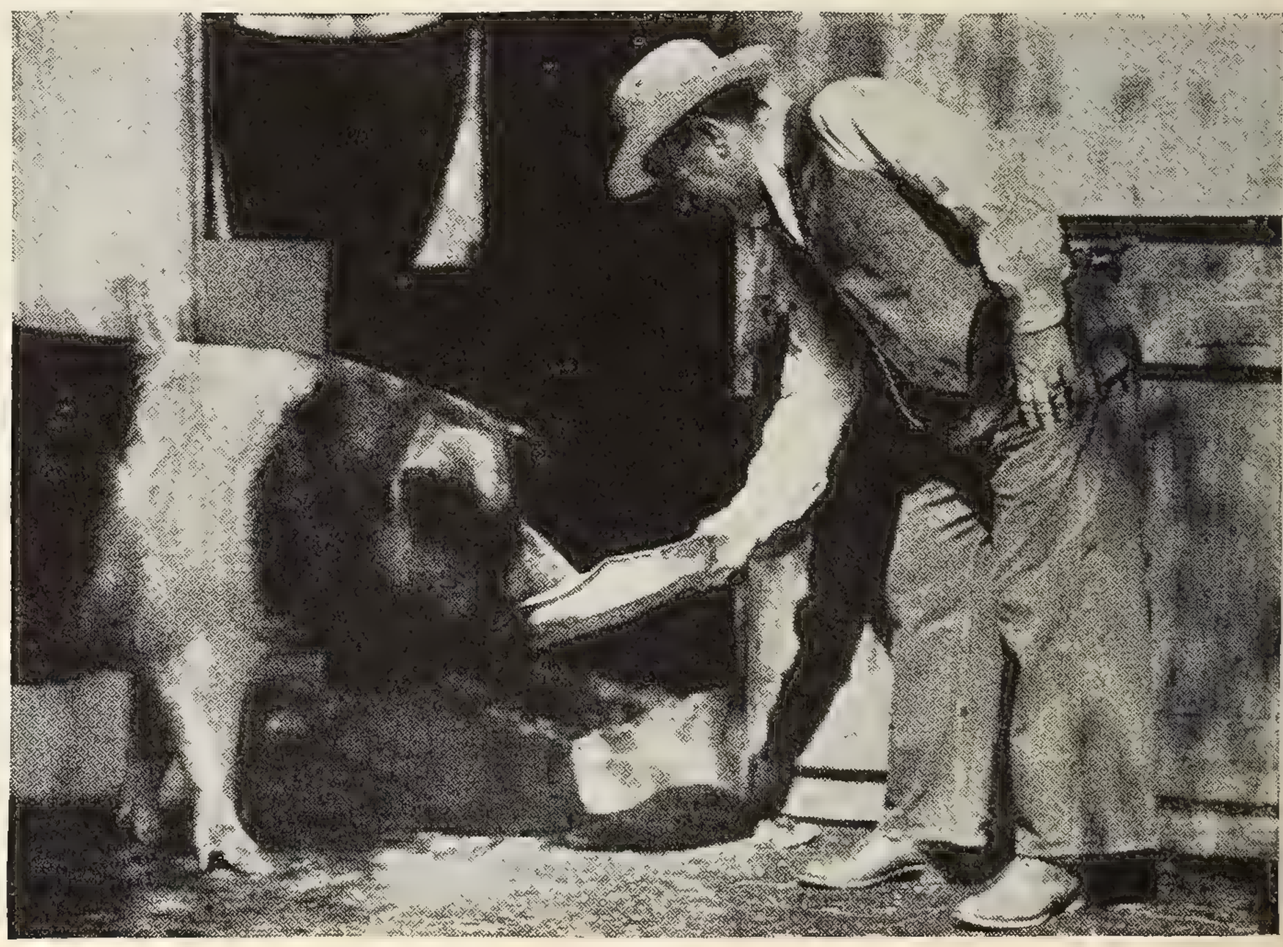
"Howdy, city slicker!" is the greeting you get from Hugh Herbert, below, on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where he raises prize live stock. Right below, Hugh offers a snack to several hundred pounds of ham and pork chops. At top right, Paul Kelly shows off to Lilian Bond the pride of his Northridge ranch—the mare "Bad Girl" and her colt, "Westwood Boy."



And very soon the college of agriculture with a very cheery letter had mailed Carole their pamphlet which included the following valuable bits of information: *How to enroll*—Each student who wishes to enroll for a correspondence course in agriculture is asked to pay a fee of $2.00. On receipt of the application card and the fee, the first two lessons of the course will be mailed. . . . *Plan to Follow in Completing Course*—On receipt of the first lesson in the course the student should study the lesson until he is able to answer the questions at the end without reference to the text. Then he should write out the answers and mail them to the Agricultural Extension Service. When answers are received they will be corrected, graded, and returned to the student.

"Thank you so much for your prompt reply," wrote Carole most politely to the Service. "I wish to take all the courses that are available with the exception of numbers 17 and 23, Pear Culture and Grape Growing. I don't like pears and grapes. Therefore, if I owe you more than the $2.00 fee please notify me and I will forward by return mail."

You have no idea with what (*Please turn to page 86*)



By Willa Ellis

The Strange Case of Simone Simon

Can a movie actress have a private life? Here is one answer

A little French girl came to Hollywood, and made a hit in her first film—right, Simone as she appeared then. Today, a recognized personality, she appears with Don Ameche in "Josette," above. And there's Simone herself, at upper and lower right.

THE most bewildered person in Hollywood today is Simone Simon. She can't figure it all out. There she was being as quiet and unassuming as a mouse with an inferiority complex, minding her own business, and hurting no one—when pouf! She suddenly finds her private life smeared all over the front pages of the newspapers.

It is said that Twentieth Century-Fox spent $124,000 on billboard ads alone giving the correct pronounciation of Simone's name after the preview of her first American picture in the summer of 1936. But today, in the summer of 1938, Simone would probably gladly give a goodly number of her precious francs if quite so many people did not know how to pronounce it—and print it.

It is all very confusing to the little French girl who crossed the ocean accompanied only by twelve trunks and an English dictionary. In France she had boy friends and everyone said but of course, it is only natural. In France she had temperament and everyone said but of course, she is an artiste. In France she was generous to people who worked for her and they said Mlle. Simone, she is a lamb. But in Hollywood she has boy friends and it is considered scandalous; she has temperament and she is called mean and disagreeable; she is generous, and her generosity is far from appreciated. In France she was loyal to her friends, and they in turn were loyal to her. In Hollywood she is loyal to a friend and the friend—but you must have read those newspaper stories which threatened to "tell all." No wonder Simone is confused. It doesn't seem logical.

"I work hard," says Simone pouting those famous lips, "I support myself, I do not meddle in other peoples' affairs. If I choose to have boy friends what's wrong in that! I am not any different in this respect from millions of girls all over the world. Why can't I have a private life of my own in Hollywood?"

That question was asked long ago by a girl named Mabel Normand. And a girl named Clara Bow asked it once, too. And since Clara there have been many other stars to ask, "Why—Why—Why?" like bewildered children. Each new star who comes to Hollywood says, "My career belongs to my studio and my public, but my private life belongs (*Please turn to page 80*)

Glorifying the American Matron

Romance clings to Billie Burke, glamor girl of the stage who has built a new career portraying fluttering femininity for the films. A graphic close-up

By Maud Cheatham

IT WAS Edna Ferber who recently grumbled to Billie Burke, as the two friends were motoring to Palm Springs, that she wished to goodness she wouldn't get typed with those fluffy, fluttery rôles. Then, she asked her, why she didn't step out and show 'em what she could do? Billie's only reply was a laugh.

"I have to earn my own living," Billie was explaining to me, "and I'm grateful for whatever comes my way. I feel that my stage experience gives me a technique that I can put to use now that the peaches and cream of youth have passed me by, yet I realize I am in that in-between period which bars a variety of rôles; too old for the romantic heroine, too young for characters. Anyway, I welcome comedy and dearly love these dizzy, daffy characterizations. Having lived and loved and suffered, I understand the emotions that come to women and when they face their Crowded Hour. I like to be on hand to help unravel—or *stir up,* the feminine problems.

"Everything comes in order," she continued. "On the stage, I portrayed glamorous, exciting heroines, and now, on the screen, I play frivolous mothers—the vague, impractical kind that sometimes act as if they believed the stork brings the babies. These ineffectual, flighty women may seem more or less alike, yet each has her own pattern and it is interesting to work it out. The wife in 'Topper' was overly ambitious and silly, but her sense of humor saves her in the end. In 'Parnell' my character had a little more depth than I'm usually permitted to have—a relief—and too, I adore costume dramas. The hostess in 'Dinner at Eight' is my favorite, because she represents a large class of women who are fine and loyal in their own way, but so selfishly absorbed in trivial interests that they know nothing of what is happening in the lives of their husbands or children. The actress-mother in 'Everybody Sing' was completely self-centered in her vanity, and the screwy mother in 'Merrily We Live' thought she was being very, very noble trying to save tramps. So, you see, the undercurrent of emotion is always different and it must be carried out consistently, through the entire picture. This is what keeps up my interest."

It's amazing how the *Pagliacci* pace—a laugh born of a broken-heart, becomes the background of our modern comedy. It was when Billie's world sank beneath her feet that she turned to screen fun-making. Such a little while ago, she was called the "Sauce Piquante" and the Toast of Broadway. Then came her romance and marriage to the picturesque theatrical producer, Florenz Ziegfeld, followed by a few years of happy wifehood and motherhood, of fame, of (*Please turn to page 78*)

Billie's youth was filled with romance, for her triumphs as an exciting heroine of the stage were during the most glittering times of the American theatre. Today that romantic past shines through her gaily ingratiating presence. Above, a recent portrait, and at left the smart matron of Hollywood. Right, with her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld.

Lover into Fighter

The campaign continues to turn tender Taylor into Battling Bob! It began with "Yank at Oxford." It goes right on with a new action film in which Bob plays a prize-fighter. See how you'll like it

Action is in order for all future Robert Taylor films. Too much of the aura of "Camille's" *Armand* lingered around the lad, so M-G-M presented him, successfully, in "A Yank at Oxford," and now follows with "The Crowd Roars," a scrappy cinema in which Taylor is ably assisted by grand troupers Frank Morgan and Edward Arnold, shown with him, center; Lionel Stander, left above; and Maureen O'Sullivan, once more his love interest. Isabel Jewell, with Bob at right, supplies the emotion.

Is It the Gown or the Girl That's Glamorous?

The statuesque, touched off by just the right degree of hauteur in Claire Trevor's pose, as well as her hair-do, contributes more to the stunning effect in the picture above, than the chic and striking gown she wears. And, left, what could be simpler than Barbara O'Neil's peasant gown, for either dinner or hostess? Yet what could be more exciting than the exotic ensemble in which Barbara will appear in "The Toy Wife," new Luise Rainer starring film.

If the quality of credulity in that one about "fine feathers making fine birds" is strained by what you see in this gallery of gorgeousness, blame the reality the camera captures as screen charmers pose in their new finery

As dashing as the cossacks from which the ensemble inherits its chief style influence, is the trig outfit designed by M-G-M's stylist Dolly Tree for Maureen O'Sullivan, left—very smart, but is it Maureen or the costume that makes it so? There's challenge, but even more lure, we think, as we look (and how can we help it?) at Binnie Barnes in that one-piece zipper dress with fur-trimmed cape and veiled hat, above—worn by Binnie in "Tropic Holiday." It's all very simple, the way Danielle Darrieux accomplishes the gorgeously spectacular in that evening gown in "The Rage of Paris," at left above. You'll note the back of the bodice is mainly Danielle, yet it's the most dressed-up sort of formal gown a lovely lady could wear.

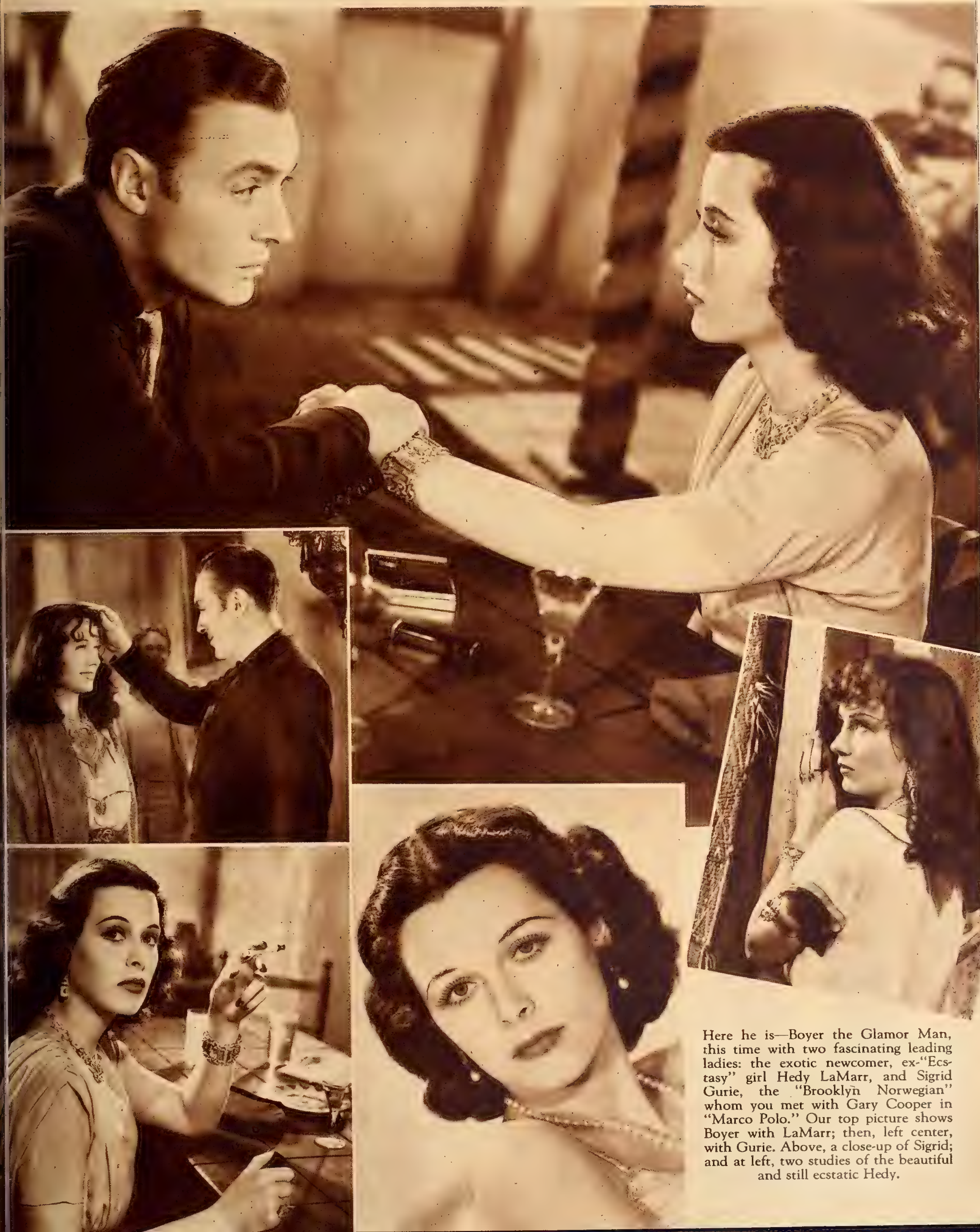
The Tropical Touch

Sparkling sun above, Loretta Young to love—Joel McCrea's new screen job is fun. But what, no desert island?

A romantic interlude, right, to do honor to an old Spanish custom. Left, a modern moment on sunny sands. Below, Loretta the Lovely, all alone—but only for a split second. McCrea is all ready to step into the scene with her for "Three Blind Mice."

The Exotic Touch

Charles Boyer and two alluring new girls turn "Algiers" into a field day for foreign charmers. But what, no Dietrich?



Here he is—Boyer the Glamor Man, this time with two fascinating leading ladies: the exotic newcomer, ex-"Ecstasy" girl Hedy LaMarr, and Sigrid Gurie, the "Brooklyn Norwegian" whom you met with Gary Cooper in "Marco Polo." Our top picture shows Boyer with LaMarr; then, left center, with Gurie. Above, a close-up of Sigrid; and at left, two studies of the beautiful and still ecstatic Hedy.

A Day with Sonja Henie

The One-Girl Show invites you to spend a day-off with her at her home, where she pre-views her new clothes but—believe it or not—does NOT skate!

Start the day with a swim—or at least, with a swim-suit pose like this, left. Then some brisk tennis—or anyway, an ingratiating grin above a white sharkskin play suit—see center, above. Then a slack-suit interlude, right above, with navy blue silk blouse. What's this, above? Just another new costume, apple-green silk frock scrolled in white, saucy white straw hat, and famous feet in green shoes with "port-hole" perforations. And at right, still another—powder-blue silk with white figures, bonnet of blue tied under the chin, "important" new sandals of blue and white wrapped silk.

Sonja seems more clothes-conscious since returning to Hollywood from her record-breaking skating tour. At left above, summer cocktail gown of pleated white silk crepe of which Sonja is so fond that she has had it copied in several colors. Her hat is white suede trimmed with bright navy blue ribbon and veil. Above center, advance view of her latest skating costume which she will wear in her new film, white wool with billiard-green collar, cuffs, and hood-lining. And now Sonja, upper right, dresses for the evening in white chiffon beaded in crystal—her favorite frock.

Sonja gives a dinner party! Left above, the star and her mother in their beautifully appointed dining room, before the guests arrive. At left, Sonja and several of her guests including Alice Faye and Tony Martin. At right, about to go on to a night club with Harry Losee, who stages Sonja's ice ballets, and Richard Greene. Note that Sonja has changed into another gown!

Look! A swim party at a swank hotel pool, left. Anita Louise, center, is the hostess; her guests, Bill Henry, Mrs. James Ellison, Jimmy, and Glenda Farrell. Above, George Brent points right back as the cameraman aims at him and Minna Wallis. She's an agent, the sister of producer Hal Wallis.

Let's hop over to the "It" café, where Guy Kibbee listens as Nancy Welford warbles — right. There's Marjorie Weaver dining over there, center right, with Bill Davis, Hollywood business man. A new word puzzle has Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, and John Mack Brown in its clutches—right, below.

On the Movie Merry-Go-Round

Jump right on, join in the fun as the social life of the screen colony goes round and round on one continual pleasure ride—between pictures!

Previews and parties bring out the celebrities. Rathbone again, above, with Claude Rains and Patric Knowles—Pat's a new proud father. Just below, Jimmy Ellison's birthday party, with the guest of honor surrounded by sister-in-law Grace Durkin, Jacqueline Wells, Carol Stone, Patricia Ellis, and his wife, the former Gertrude Durkin. At right, Don Terry treats Glenda Farrell to a Cine-grille coca cola. At right below, an informal party with the Ellisons, Anita Louise, Don Terry, Margaret Carlisle, Feg Murray, Pat O'Brien, and Basil Rathbone trying out a new parlor game. Lower left, Anita listens to Lanny Ross.

Tony Martin, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, above—a variety of masculine charm. Right, Jimmy Fidler, once SCREENLAND's Western Representative, now a radio and screen star—see him in "Garden of the Moon." Left and right below, tried-and-true Robert Young, too much unsung; and Richard Greene, new and a natural.

Hail The Heroes!

They're handsome, they're hearty, they're seldom arty—give them a hand!

Heroes all, on this page—pick your favorite. George Brent, top left, rates fresh interest since "Gold is Where You Find It" and "Jezebel." Allan Jones, above, won new laurels on his personal appearance tour. Randy Scott, left, hero of "The Texans," Paramount's new "epic" of the Rio Grande country. John Payne, far left, was given Dick Powell's part in "Garden of the Moon" when Dick bowed out of the picture—now, Anne Shirley's proud husband is going places. Left below, Dennis O'Keefe, convincing young actor who scored in "Bad Man of Brimstone" with Beery, now with Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hold That Kiss." William Boyd, below, is one of the most popular Western heroes.

It's a Swing Summer!

No posing for photographs without having fun, is the new cry of the movie belles. Such as Jan Holm, pretty newcomer, who swings into the picture, at top left, on roller skates; then poses the hard way, left above, but still laughs. A new shirred silk swim suit compensates Susan Hayward, far left; while Carole Landis, left, lets a palm support her pulchritude. A group of pool loungers includes Frank Albertson, Jane Bryan, and Evalyn Knapp. Arleen Whelan, below, obligingly poses all dressed up when she is really dying for a swim—and unlike most movie pretties, the gal really can swim.

Busy and dizzy, Hollywood celebrates Summer in its own gay way

Sun-bathing for health, but mostly for fun—Rosemary Lane, top right. You may not recognize the lovely at the right, but it's time you met—Gwen Kenyon, christened "Miss Streamline," scheduled to appear in "Men With Wings," and a sure bet for stardom if we can believe our own eyes. At far right, Bing Crosby, caught in this galaxy of beauty and charm—one grin for the camera and he'll resume his golf on the links at the Lakeside Country Club. Right below, the Lane Sisters on—or off—a bicycle built for four: Rosemary, Priscilla, Lola, and Leota. Below, a baby Myrna Loy — Eleanor Hansen.

Above, Mary Astor and Herbert Marshall in a serial-ette of marital discord, from "One Woman's Answer." Beginning with the first scene and reading to the right: "Now you know very well you shouldn't have promised that we'd go there," Marshall reproves "wife" Mary. He continues: "You're always going against my wishes—I won't stand for it any longer!" Mary comes right back at him: "Don't you dare talk to me like that! I don't have to listen to it and I won't!" And she finishes him off with: "Suppose you understand once and for all that you can't insult my friends!" At left, Anita Louise in a telephone drama: "What shall I say to him? Oh, dear! Hello! What? No, I won't—and that's final!" At right, what happens when a movie star "buys" a fighter! Dick Powell shows off his newly acquired middleweight, Billy Souse, who has won his last 160 fights. There's nothing in a name in his case, we assure you!

Photo Serial-ettes

Cinema sequences that tell you their own stories

Left, Marie Wilson starts a hard studio day with a stretch, setting-up exercises, make-up by Westmore, and script study with Jimmy Cagney in the studio Green Room. At right, reading from top: Jane Bryan shows how to eat an apple. You just—eat it. What makes this sequence interesting is not that it shows a movie actress eating an apple, but that it proves one movie actress can look natural in the process. It's rare. Now for the star sequence across the bottom of these two pages: A Dog's Life, A Six-Reel Tale starring Faithful Flora. Reading from far left to right: Danielle Darrieux made 25 pictures in Europe, and Faithful Flora, her Scottish terrier, was on the set of every picture. So Danielle consults Flora—who speaks French fluently—"How do you think the lines in my first Hollywood film should be spoken?" "Woof!" says Flora. "Oh, like that?" says Danielle. "Woof again," says Flora—and sits watching while Danielle follows her advice. The picture had better be good!

Photo by Gaston Longet, RKO-Radio

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Anne Shirley and James Ellison in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

The still that takes the place of honor this month holds a promise of romantic pictorial beauty. You may remember that, originally, "Mother Carey's Chickens" was planned for Ginger Rogers. Then Katharine Hepburn was asked to play it. Now it provides a vehicle for Anne Shirley, James Ellison, Ruby Keeler, and others.

Hidden Glamor

Fanchon Royer, only woman film producer, proves there are other fields than acting for smart girls to conquer

By Tom Kennedy

Fanchon Royer, left, has had a career as colorful as any Glamor Girl's! She makes pictures instead of acting in them. Above, a scene from her latest film, "Religious Racketeers," with Betty Compson and Mrs. Harry Houdini. At far left, with one of her five children.

IN ALL the lively cargo of glamor-seeking girls who are trundled into Hollywood from all corners of the land, you would be hard put to find a single prospective gift to the movies who ever expects to be a film producer. Not that many girls wouldn't like the idea if they stopped to think about it. But who would think about it? A film producer is one to whom everybody says "Yes, mister;" the big boss of a show that's for men only. That's what most everybody thinks. But thinking doesn't make it so, and you needn't be surprised when we introduce Fanchon Royer as a film producer with more than twenty-five productions to her credit.

Make no mistake, Hollywood's only woman producer was no different than her sister fame-seekers, before and since. When she went to Hollywood from Des Moines she had in mind only one thing—to become a star. That was in 1918, and Fanchon Royer was then sixteen, and very ambitious.

One who has had so many extraordinary experiences needs no promptings to call up vivid accounts that form an amazing saga of the woman who has proved that members of her sex can find glamor and great success behind the cameras as well as in front of them. Even so, this particular reporter found the alert, stylishly slim and responsive Miss Royer he interviewed today even more interesting than the heroine of the almost legendary episodes that bring her career up to the latest Royer Production. She knows every trick and dodge, every corner and cranny of that labyrinth of artful business curves and twists that is known in the trade as the Independent Market. However, that is a different story.

The woman producer the picture-goers don't know, is the aforementioned stylish, good looking young matron who rounds out ten years in film production with her newest film, "Religious Racketeers," an exposé of fake spiritists, mediums, salesmen of the supernatural—independent producers must get "exploitation angles" into their pictures, because each film must be sold as an individual show, and not part of a group or program as in the case of the so-called "major" producer. Mrs. Harry Houdini, widow of the magician, is the feature of "Religious Racketeers."

"I'm going to present this picture myself, as a special show in most of the large cities," Miss Royer was telling us. That entails renting theatres and managing the whole show herself. "I don't want to sell it out for general distribution and then go back to Hollywood and have nothing to do until I start another production." The fact that such enterprise calls for a wisdom of show business that few of the foremost men producers would care to try their hand at in no way daunts this remarkably able woman. "It will be fun," she says.

She can be equally blithe in telling how just two years ago she came back home to Hollywood broke, from Mexico where she had gone to tend to business in connection with her productions. Well, she wasn't exactly broke—there was sixteen dollars; to take care of eight people: herself, her five children and two employees. Mention of her five children tells you another phase of the remarkable career of Fanchon Royer. Her oldest child, a son, is fifteen; her youngest, a girl, is not quite three years old.

In the lobby of a theatre where she previewed her first picture, Miss Royer learned the essentials of independent production. In the first place she hadn't made the picture with any idea of launching herself as a producer. Fanchon Royer at that time was in a different line of the film business. After playing extra and bit parts in several films, she became the editor of a trade paper concerned with the actor's welfare and viewpoint. From that she had entered the agency business and had several promising young people as clients. One in particular—a dark-haired, blue-eyed chap—did not seem to be getting anywhere in particular. So she decided to make a picture to show producers that this tall, good-looking fellow was a real prospect. She made the picture, and Grant Withers was started on his way. He became an outstanding leading man of the screen and the man who led Loretta Young to the altar for a (*Please turn to page 97*)

HOLIDAY—Columbia

WELL-NAMED! You take a real holiday from routine cinema fare when you see this brilliant picturization of that stage play which comes perilously close to being a minor classic of our times. Philip Barry's piece has stood the test of time and imitation. George Cukor's new movie version has been skilfully brought up to the minute without ever losing the gallant gusto of the original. Then there's Katharine Hepburn, giving a performance just as poignant and infinitely more polished than in "A Bill of Divorcement"—that motion picture, you'll remember, which electrified us all into thinking that we had something in this weird Hepburn. Like her or not she'll get you here, as the free soul of the stuffy rich family who finally fights her way to a future-with-fun with Cary Grant. Any girl's idea of a future, I may add. Cary Grant has never been half as good as in this, playing an independent young man with humor and ideas—which do not include marrying for money or security, meaning that sybaritic Doris Nolan loses him to crazy sister Kate. A fine cast plays magnificently, with Lew Ayres scoring a personal triumph which will bring him back to real importance; and Edward Everett Horton, Henry Kolker and Jean Dixon splendid. And watch for Cary Grant's cartwheels!

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

AS THE sole costume picture of the movie month, "Kidnapped" has the field to itself and emerges as somewhat of an epic. What it would emerge as if it had competition we needn't go into. It's a very free screen translation of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, sumptuously staged, expensively cast. At times it provides a measure of authenic excitement and always it is pictorially interesting; but I am afraid that as a drama it is rather dull. Whether that is Stevenson's fault, or the director's, or the scenario writer's, or the star players', I honestly don't know. There are scenes in which Freddie Bartholomew exercises some of his old-time enchantment on the audience, but only long enough to make us sigh for little lost *David Copperfield*—why must boys like Freddie grow up? Warner Baxter, one of my favorite personalities, suffers from the most outrageous miscasting of the season as a fiery rebel leader, and since the story is chiefly concerned with his adventures and hairbreadth escapes, the result is scarcely dynamic. I thought that Arleen Whelan was indeed the "sensational new discovery" when I saw her first scenes—until she opened that lovely mouth and began to talk like li'l Janet Gaynor. But she's beautiful.

YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

AN INTERESTING picture which you should see if you are looking for something different in the way of movie entertainment, "Yellow Jack" is an engrossing drama of the fight against yellow fever in Cuba after the Spanish-American war. It is no "Story of Louis Pasteur," partly because an obvious effort has been made to promote a love story between a medical nurse and a devil-may-care Irish sergeant, played by—of all people—Robert Montgomery. Discounting a rather thick brogue which may have been in character but only succeeded in confusing me, Montgomery gives a performance almost as good in its way as in "Night Must Fall"—which was very good, if you recall. In fact, if Mr. Montgomery weren't such an ingratiating personality, he would be more widely acclaimed as an intelligent actor, which he certainly is at the slightest opportunity. You may not enjoy close-ups of jolly little germs at work quite as much as you enjoy watching Virginia Bruce, who can be more beautiful in a severe nurse's uniform than most actresses can in something whipped up by Adrian. Lewis Stone is excellent as *Major Reed.* Sam Levene and Alan Curtis score. It's a very good picture, with some dignity and dimension.

THREE CHEERS FOR:

"Three Comrades"
"Holiday"

APPLAUSE FOR:

"Yellow Jack"

HYSTERICS FOR:

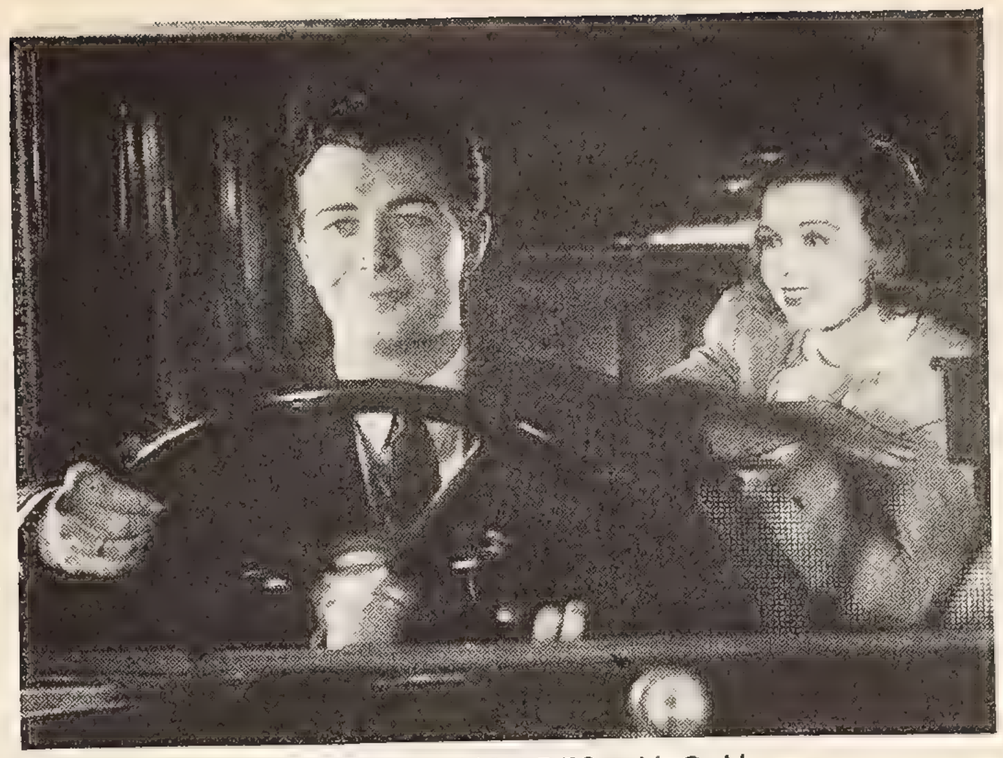
"Kentucky Moonshine"

SUPERLATIVE PERFORMANCE:

Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades"

NEXT BEST PERFORMANCES:

Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday"
Robert Montgomery in "Yellow Jack"
Harry Ritz in "Kentucky Moonshine"



THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

IT HAS been a long time since we have had a picture like this. Not since "A Farewell to Arms," in fact. It's no coincidence that the Frank Borzage who directed that memorable war romance also directed "Three Comrades." Both are great love stories; both practically break your heart; but you wallow in them as you swallow hard, and some people even sit through them twice. "Three Comrades" is, I think, a pretty magnificent motion picture—despite its dated story which might have been whipped up by a sophomore with a confused social conscience, its "precious" dialogue involving speeches about stars and snow; its deliberate brow-beating of the audience's already mushy old heart—oh, yes, it's a hanky drama, all right; but it is beautifully directed, perfectly acted, and thrillingly photographed, showing that there may be something to all this Art talk, after all. Franchot Tone, Roberts Taylor and Young play superbly three German boys trying to build a life for themselves after the World War. They haven't much of anything except mutual affection and loyalty—until they meet Margaret Sullavan, who has very little except courage, beauty, and humor. Their gallantry as they fight the good fight and face death is tremendously moving. See our Honor Page for more!

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

THOSE girls are here again, which is no surprise; but this time they have a French accent in their dance numbers, and Rudy Vallee for their inspiration, and Hugh Herbert for comedy relief—although as far as I'm concerned it's Hugh who should be the inspiration, especially as he appears as a Frenchman with beret, though still the same "Woo, woo"—no "Ooh-la-las" for Hugh. The demon Gold Diggers devastate Paris as completely as the plot will allow; but to this observer the high-lights of the whole thing are Mabel Todd's talking dog, Hugh Herbert's aforementioned didoes, Fritz Feld as a temperamental ballet master, and Gloria Dickson as a blonde menace with Bette Davis "Bondage" overtones—better watch this Gloria; she's a striking and original personality, and she gives strong signs of being a Great Actress when she grows up if she doesn't decide to become a Glamor Girl instead. Good tunes are sung by Vallee, best of them being "I Wanna Go Back to Bali." The Schnickelfritz Band is present to delight those who like Schnickelfritz Bands and such. You'll meet Rosemary Lane again as the sweet girl among the Gold Diggers; and you'll welcome Allen Jenkins, Melville Cooper, and Edward Brophy.

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

THIS is no review, but an Open Love Letter to my new Dream-Prince, Harry Ritz. I first met Mr. Ritz in "Sing, Baby, Sing," but I did not appreciate his true worth at the time. I must have been blind, to say nothing of deaf and dumb; because while I liked him, just as a friend, I mean, I had no inkling that my lukewarm feeling would turn to frank adoration. This is what has happened, but I have no regrets. I am proud—proud and happy to say that I forsake all others, including James Stewart, Robert Taylor, even Tyrone Power, for Harry Ritz. Maybe it's because Mr. Ritz has two brothers always with him who are almost, if not quite, as adorable as he. Whatever it is, I am Ritz-mad, and if Harry and the boys stay as sweet as they are as the pseudo hill-billies in "Kentucky Moonshine" I am theirs for life—or until funnier clowns are made, which I doubt. As I say, I can't review this picture because I started laughing like a fool the minute the Ritzes appeared and I am laughing yet. I think the whole N. Y. Roxy audience must be crazy too, though, because "Kentucky Moonshine" was accorded more applause than any comedy in a long time—even if some people did come to see Marjorie Weaver or Tony Martin.

Here you meet, actually for the first time, the man who is so unlike the star everybody knows. A personal friend and star reporter lets Cagney's own words and deeds describe "Jim—the most paradoxical figure in pictures"

A Screen Personality Close-up in Two Parts

By
S. R. Mook

A study in contrasts! Left, Jim Cagney, the thoughtful, generous, very human chap himself. Below, characterizations marking highlights in his colorful career. Left to right: with Joan Blondell, then a brunette, on the stage in pre-Hollywood days; his first great "tough guy" hit, with Mae Clarke in "Public Enemy;" and a scene from "The Crowd Roars," with Ann Dvorak and Joan Blondell.

CAGNEY Star vs. Man

PART ONE

THE most paradoxical figure in pictures, to my mind, is James Cagney. Nothing about him runs true to form—to the form, that is, you would expect from seeing him on the screen. People outside of pictures—away from Hollywood—ask of Cagney oftener than any other star, "Is he the same off-screen as on?"

He isn't! There is no other actor whose real character is marked by such a wide divergence from his reel self. In his films he is alert, aggressive, pugnacious. Off-screen, he is—but you cannot paint a true word picture of Jimmie. You can only cite incidents to illustrate him.

He is the most absent-minded person imaginable. Many a time I have seen him start to undress, pause with his arm half out of a sleeve when something in an open newspaper or book caught his eye, and stand in that position for fifteen minutes to half an hour while he finished reading what interested him.

There are few, if any other, actors who devote as much of their time to helping other people as Jimmie. He cannot say "No" to a plea for aid. Once his stand-in came to Jim with a sad, sad tale of woe. The stand-in's brother, it seemed, had got a little light-fingered and taken $100 from the till of the grocery where he worked. If Jim didn't kick through with a century note the brother was doomed to spend some little time in the penitentiary.

"Where does he work?" Jim asked. The stand-in gave an address and, for once, Jim used his head. He sent his secretary down to the address to find out the details. The address proved to be a vacant lot.

There is no one who sees red quicker than Jim when he feels he is being put upon. He approached the stand-in with blood in his eyes. The stand-in quickly assured Jim he had misunderstood him and that the address was so-and-so. Back Jim sent his secretary. This time the address did happen to be a grocery—but they had never heard of the brother!

But that was the one time Jim used his head. There was another time he received a wire from Chicago signed by an old friend: "Desperately in need of $500. Please wire money immediately." As Jim left for work he tossed the wire to his wife (Bill). "Ned is in trouble. Send him this money." But Billie is not as gullible as Jim. She wired $100, stipulating the man should identify himself to the telegraph office. At the same time she sent another wire to a mutual friend in New York where Ned (that wasn't his name) lived.

The telegraph company slipped up and the money was paid to Ned *without* identification. They promptly received a second wire from Ned: "Sorry you couldn't make it more. Will try to make the hundred do." Almost immediately thereafter a wire arrived from the friend in New York stating the real Ned had never left town and wasn't in need of funds. But the $100 had been paid the spurious Ned. Jim started some investigations and is reasonably sure he knows who got the money. But he has never made any attempt to prosecute the man or to recover the money.

Most actors—more or less of necessity—are self-centered. From their families' viewpoint they are the centre of the universe, the axis on which the world revolves. Their friends exclaim over them, pamper them, flatter them—and baby them. Strangers meeting them pander to their vanity for aren't they (the strangers) meeting a celebrity? The result is that ninety-nine actors out of a hundred are confirmed (*Please turn to page 79*)

Following the road to fame with James Cagney! Reading from left, below, up to the immediate present: with Virginia Bruce in "Winner Take All;" a typical Cagney gesture with Alice White; action with Loretta Young in "Taxi;" comedy with Claire Dodd in "Hard to Handle;" then with Pat O'Brien as co-star in the latest Cagney film, "Boy Meets Girl;" and finally, right, with Mrs. Cagney.

London

Lovely young girl of England's screenland: Margaret Lockwood, at left. Meet and know her in our story. Above, Miss Lockwood is shown in a scene from "The Wheel Spins" with your good friend Paul Lukas at right, and the newcomer Michael Redgrave, center.

MY RIGHT hand aches terribly—I've been greeting so many screen stars arriving from Hollywood and speeding off others on their way to California.

I had to welcome Dame May Whitty, our grand old English stage actress who calmly travelled West at seventy-one and made such a successful début in films that now she's in constant demand. She has come home to act for Director Alfred Hitchcock in his new spy film, (called over here "Lost Lady," but rechristened for you "The Wheel Spins")—appearing as the fussy spinster who mysteriously vanishes from the cross-Europe express as it races through the Balkans. Paul Lukas plays a famous brain surgeon who also has a reservation on board, and romance is supplied by pretty brunette Margaret Lockwood and Hitchcock's handsome new discovery, Michael Redgrave, acting before the cameras for the first time.

There's a real homely touch on the lot at Gainsborough Studios, with Paul playing poker with the extras between shots and Margaret knitting herself a sweater and Dame May serenely pouring out tea for everybody. "I like Hollywood tremendously," she says. "It's such a quiet respectable place, just like a nice suburb. The people are so intelligent, too. Oh, no, they don't talk about films all the time. They discuss art and music and literature and current events with real knowledge and thought. And when conversation does turn to pictures, you never hear them disparaging another player or being unkindly critical. The Hollywood parties are so pleasant too. Everybody takes such trouble to make you feel happily at home. Yes, I am looking forward to my return to California very much."

Well, with this sweet disposition our white-haired Dame May should certainly be popular on the coast! And who do you think is the actress she admires the most? Her contemporary character veteran May Robson. There's a lesson in generosity.

I got a real warm grip from Director Tay Garnett—how ever is it such a good-looking man is allowed to stay behind the camera? I introduced him to his first cup of British coffee made with boiled milk and as he bravely drank it, he gave me some pithy descriptions of the stars who have passed under his direction lately. He votes Irene Dunne as Hollywood's most hard-working and conscientious lady. "Call her for nine o'clock and she'll be there at eight-fifty-five, word-perfect and smiling." Tay says it will take a motor accident to stop Tyrone Power becoming the biggest male name of 1939 and as for Joan Blondell, "sweet is the only word."

Brown-haired little Lily Pons gave me an excited hug as well as a vigorous handshake when she came over from Paris to sing in London. "I am so very very happy," she announced, "I am in love, you see." Of course she meant the conductor, Kostelanetz. Page Lily in a yellow hat shaped like an inverted pudding-dish with the hollow top part filled with red and blue flowers. The rest of her seems to be usually covered with silver fox furs and glittering jewelry.

Striking contrast to our slim blonde Anna Neagle who walked round the studio garden with me the other morning wearing a plain black skirt, a short red tweed jacket, and not so much as nail-varnish or a touch of lipstick. She was relaxing between donning the elaborate frilled gowns and bonnets in which she plays imperious *Queen Victoria* in "Sixty Years a Queen" with Anton Walbrook as her *Prince Albert* again. C. Aubrey Smith is the *Duke of Wellington.* He's not over-happy these days because he has had to shave off his beloved moustache to keep in character and also he lost his favorite monocle and can't get a new one that fits so comfortably. And he's horribly worried about his cricket field in Hollywood. The floods spoiled the turf so it has to be relaid and C. Aubrey just feels they can't possibly do it correctly without his expert advice.

Meet new personalities, renew old screen acquaintance in this lively account of Britain's movie colony

By Hettie Grimstead

"Discovery" of the London season is Michael Redgrave, at right. Above, left, Dame May Whitty, who at seventy-one made her screen début with Robert Montgomery in Hollywood's "Night Must Fall" and now is featured in British films. Right above, Kent Taylor, borrowed from us to play opposite Jessie Matthews.

I had to say "Hail and Farewell" in one breath to Wallace Beery who looked in on London for a single day during his travels. Then to a smart cocktail party to greet Marcelle Rogez, exotic blonde star from France who is making an English comedy film before going on to Hollywood. I fancy she will create something of a sensation even there for her tastes in life are emphatically individual. Her bedroom is all looking-glasses. The walls are completely mirrored and the dressing-table has a mirror top and even the bed is made of antique pink Venetian mirrors draped with red brocade and you walk into it up three wide mirror-glass steps. She is taking the entire outfit to California with her so that she won't feel strange there. (Don't ask me how Marcelle tells which is herself and which her reflections when she tucks herself up for the night!)

I said "Au revoir" to black-eyed Bebe Daniels off after finishing her film at Warners London studios. It's called "The Return of Carol Sawyer" and second leading lady is Chili Bouchier, who comes close to winning the title of Britain's unluckiest actress. After good work in films here, she was put under contract by Irving Asher and was due to go to Hollywood at the same time as Errol Flynn but fell ill a few days previously. Then she recovered and sailed for America with the next Warner talent consignment including Patric Knowles, but got sick again on the ship and had to come back to England and be carried down the gangplank on a stretcher. Now she is due to leave again this summer and is fervently crossing her fingers and hoping that adage about "third time lucky" is true.

One important duty of the London social season is to visit the Royal Academy in Piccadilly and walk through the stately rooms admiring the best pictures of the year. This time the finest portrait is of Leslie Howard and many distinguished visitors pause before it, recent ones including King George and Queen Elizabeth, the Princess Royal, the ex-Queen of Spain, Princess Marie Louise and the Queen of Norway. So if you are a Howard fan too, you are in exclusive company. Queen Elizabeth admires his screen work immensely and some of his newest films have been shown before the Royal house-party in the great Red Drawing-Room at historic Windsor Castle.

Lots of hand-grips for Mary Pickford and Alexander Korda who are both among our constant Atlantic commuters these days. Mary is definitely going to direct "The Bat," a mystery film to be made at Denham Studios this summer and at the same time her husband Buddy Rogers will be here too appearing in a new musical with June Clyde as his leading song-and-dance girl. Another musical is promised from Jack Buchanan, home again after his seven months in America, slimmer and more deeply sun-tanned than ever.

With the tennis season in full swing nowadays you can generally find quite a lot of famous folks gathering at Clive Brook's Georgian house at Hampstead on Saturday afternoon. Stars of the racket such as Kay Stammers and Bunny Austin play with stars of the screen like Conrad Veidt and Anna Neagle and John Lodge, as well as the imperturbable host. Afterwards everybody gathers for tea and soft drinks in the lovely drawing-room which Mildred Brook has just done over in palest green. Her new drapes are jade and yellow printed linen and each of the deep chairs and couches is covered in crushed velvet in a different color—rose, grey, purple, silver or pale pink.

Vivien Leigh gave us an informal sherry party the other evening at her new flat where she has peach-tinted walls and vivid blue paint. You wouldn't think to look at slender youthful Vivien that she has a daughter five years old—she was only seventeen when she married a London lawyer, though. Charles Laughton was among Vivien's guests showing off the beard he has grown to play the smuggler in his new film "Jamaica Inn." He really is our most industrious actor.

Fanny Brice tries to explain the world's most precious problem child (Haw) and succeeds in explaining herself

"Back-stage" life of Baby Snooks, as told by the great comedienne who created her, becomes a play in itself—see our swell story. Left, Snooks herself. Right, Miss Brice herself. Above, with daughter Frances.

By
Jack Holland

Baby Snooks Tells Her Age

Author's note: I am not attempting to outdo Mr. Eugene O'Neill or Mr. Maxwell Anderson. No, and I'm not even attempting to abide by the rules of dramatic construction. The playlet about to be unfolded is merely a heterogeneous display of the unexpected and unheralded antics at a recent visit to Fanny (Baby Snooks) Brice's home one afternoon. And so—ring up the curtain!

[The scene: In front of Fanny's home in Beverly Hills—and quite a home it is, too. A resplendent, spacious affair, and *wurra wurra* exclusive. The calm of the afternoon and of the setting is disturbed by a screeching of brakes. (That's me coming to a dead stop on a dime. I was due at Fanny's home at 5:30, and here I was about ten minutes late. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had warned me to be prompt, conduct my business in a hurry, and scram, because Fanny had plenty of work to do. But here I was—late as usual. Anyway, let's carry the scene on from this point.) Ring! Ring! The door opens and a butler appears.]

Butler: Yes?

Me: Miss Brice in?

Butler: Yes, step right inside. (Hat in hand I walk in nervously. The butler leaves me for a minute as he goes to tell Fanny that the nemesis has finally arrived. Then—)

Butler: (returning) Miss Brice will be here in a moment. (Exit) (I look around the house. A beautifully furnished place, dignified in its furnishings, and yet informal in its atmosphere.)

Fanny: (entering) Yes?

Me: How do you do, Miss Brice. I'm Jack Holland, and I am here because I'm supposed to interview you.

Fanny: Oh, yes—certainly. Come right in here. (We enter a playroom. We sit at a card table which has just undergone a strenuous cribbage game)

Me: Sorry I'm late.

Fanny: (jovially) Oh, that's all right. You aren't really late anyway.

Me: (Out comes my little black notebook, and with pencil in hand my personal excursion into the private life of Fanny Brice begins). Fanny—(Oh yes, I'm calling her Fanny now, for you can't call her Miss Brice, not when she makes you feel like such an old friend) I want to talk to you about Baby Snooks—for one thing.

Fanny: Ok. Fire away. I can really talk about *her*.

Me: Well—

Fanny: (interrupting) Before you begin, don't ask me how I got my start. I'm pretty tired of that. No one cares anyway.

Me: All right, but I think everyone *is* interested in that. (With a businesslike flourish of the pencil and a determined gleam in the eye) What gave you the idea for Baby Snooks?

Fanny: (settling herself for the ordeal) Well, when I was young, I had a great desire to play *Topsy*. Besides, I always loved to listen to conversations among children. The first thing I knew, I conceived the idea of Baby Snooks—anybody's kid whose constant questions drive the father almost insane. But because she is his daughter, he can't brain her as he'd often like to. In other words, Baby Snooks is nothing but a—

Me: (breaking in excitedly) I get it! Sort of a white *Topsy*.

Fanny: (amused) Yes, that's it (Pause) Maybe I'd better interview you.

Me: (contritely) Sorry. I guess I was a little too interested. Well, anyway, Baby Snooks just—

Fanny: (interrupting) Now it's my turn to cut in—she just grew.

Me: (Taking out a cigarette. I needed one then.) Well then, you got your start—(a definite pause follows Fanny's warning look)—I mean that your Baby Snooks was really an outgrowth of your love for children?

Fanny: Yes. And as the idea grew, I became a professional eavesdropper on the quips of any child on the street. After I knew my plan was what I wanted, I took it to Moss Hart, the playwright. He liked it, and Baby Snooks was born with the help of Moss Hart's pen.

Me: But—(Telephone rings. Fanny excuses herself and answers it. I sit thinking up new questions. Finally, the conversation is over and she returns to her seat)

Fanny: What you were saying, Mr.—(she looks at me vaguely). I'm so sorry. I never can remember names.

Me: Mr. Holland—Jack Holland. (To myself) Maybe I shouldn't be calling her Fanny. Maybe I'm not exactly an old friend. (To her) And I was about to say—didn't Dave Friedman write your act for you later?

Fanny: Yes, until he died recently. Dave knew every nook and cranny in Baby Snooks' mind. When he died, I tried to find someone who was familiar enough with the child to write the act as I wanted it. I finally found a young chap, Phil Rapp, and he's doing a great job. (Pauses—looks at watch) Oh, by the way, he'll be here any minute now with the script for this week's broadcast.

Me: That's fine! When did you do Baby Snooks first?

Fanny: In my home, in Moss Hart's office, and—

Me: (again interrupting) No, I mean professionally.

Fanny: Well, I tried her out first on the air on George Olsen's program a few years back. (With an ingratiating smile) I was scared plenty of that microphone, but I'll tell you about that later. Anyway, Baby Snooks went over with a bang!

Me: When did you do it on the stage?

Fanny: For the Shuberts in the 1933 Follies. You know—(Suddenly our conversation is interrupted by the abrupt entrance of two young fellows. They come into the room and go up to Fanny. I merely sat in my chair, cowed and a little disgruntled that Fanny should be so busy just when I had a story to do.)

Fanny: Hello, Phil.

Phil: Hi, Fanny! (Turning to his friend) Meet Mr.—(I can't remember his name now. You see, I was engrossed in my notes—rather in the scarcity of them.) (Phil sits down on couch near table) Here's the script.

Fanny: (To me) Mr. Rapp, Mr.—Mr. Hemingway.

Me: (Looking around wondering if Ernest Hemingway had arrived. Then I felt someone grab hold of my hand and say—"Glad to know you." Oh, you mean me. Well, my name's Holland.

Fanny: (sincerely) I'm so sorry to be so stupid. Mr. Rapp is some writer, Mr. Holland. I'm so sure of him, that he doesn't even submit my script for the Thursday night broadcast until Tuesday. But, you see, he knows Baby Snooks almost as well as I do.

Phil: Fanny, I've written the script all right, but it may need some changes.

Fanny: I'd better read it over with you. (To me) I always rehearse Baby Snooks out loud because that's the only way I can really see whether it sounds all right. (To Phil) Let's go. (A pause in the interview, but a treat for me. I even forgot the story, the pressure for time, as I listened to Fanny read—or rather listened to Baby Snooks tantalize her Daddy, being played by Mr. Rapp. All too soon it's over.)

Fanny: Ok, Phil. But the ending's weak. Better build it up more.

Phil: All right, Fanny.

Fanny: Glad you came when you did, Phil. We're talking about Baby (*Please turn to page 92*)

In the midst of glorified Ziegfeld girls, Fanny Brice sparkled as one of the greatest "Follies" attractions — glamor couldn't compete with her great comedy. Left, the Snooks mood gets the upper hand. Above, Fanny looks ahead to her new screen career. Center, wowed by a "who dunit" yarn.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by Olivia de Havilland

Hollywood's loveliest young girl gives you gay glimpses of her favorite new clothes — fresh, exclusive designs with ideas for you to follow

Glamor School photographs of Miss Olivia de Havilland by Elmer Fryer and Scotty Welbourne. Costumes designed by Orry-Kelly, Warner Bros.

Going traveling? Then look at Olivia's smart travel costume, at top left, designed for her by Orry-Kelly. The dress of beige pebbly weave sheer wool has a quilted collar and belt. Her rolled-brim hat is beige felt. Now, look at lower left, and see the striking combination of gay cotton print and taffeta, of all gay things! The bodice and petticoat are of India print in black, white, and red; crisp black taffeta is used for the full skirt and swathed waistband. There's a circular collar of white piqué. Silly, but sweet, says Olivia! At left, the perfect dinner dress for the young girl—chalk-white crepe with gilded alligator belt.

More glazed alligator is used to step up the street ensemble below. The dress, of soft beige wool, has a fitted collarless bolero; the broad pointed belt and exciting bag are of glazed brown alligator. At right, the page boy influence is still with us in this picturesque street suit—high-waisted skirt of sage-green sheer wool is topped by a jacket of navy blue outlined in green. At left below, unusual hostess pajama of ivory wool with tailored coat. At lower right, Olivia in crisp plaid taffeta with tucked bodice of white organdy.

Carefree Clothes for Summer

Arleen Whelan, piquant new starlet, has one of Hollywood's most amusing Summer wardrobes. Above, lounging outfit of Mexican peon influence: crash slacks, hand-woven shirt, enormous straw hat tied on with brightly striped pique. At right, beach robe of very coarse linen with hood and full skirt cinched in at the waist with a belt of hand-woven striped cording. The bodice is deep blue, the hood rust-colored. The costume is reminiscent of the habits worn by California's early Friars. Arleen's beach bag of terry cloth and her sandals of plaited buckskin are white. At left, black net dinner dress enlivened with mammoth daisies. At top right, cotton evening frock of black pique strikingly printed in white. As for the close-up at top left—perch two Tyrolean figures on a hat peaked like an Alp, and like Arleen you'll be in the height of fashion!

Four of Hollywood's smartest girls pose for you on this page to illustrate their favorite Summer fashions. Above, Shirley Ross in her cool cotton printed in red flowers. Upper right, Louise Platt in her crisp white bolero frock with Roman stripe bodice and sash. Below, Maureen O'Sullivan's casual print in black and white. Right, Gale Sondergaard in her shirtmaker dress of red and white.

Hat Tips from Hollywood

Hats must be amusing, or movie stars won't wear 'em! Above, Janet Gaynor's dashing black felt which adds a perversely appealing note to Summer costumes. Above center, Katharine Hepburn in a big and beautifully made cartwheel of natural straw. Binnie Barnes, at right above, prefers the more formal mode, and shows you here a dramatic dinner hat of black straw with broad brim turned back in front and trimmed with twin brushes of clustered black feathers. Edith Head, Paramount stylist, designed the hat for Miss Barnes.

Bette Davis, above, wears her three favorite Summer straws for your approval. Left, saucer of fine straw, perfect to top a colorful print. Above, a disc of white straw tied on the head with a broad grosgrain ribbon band in back. At right, "pretty" hat with old-fashioned flowers framing the forehead. Outrageously flattering!

Three views of Mary Carlisle's pet romantic hat of dark blue straw covered with cyclamen pink veiling. Mary's blonde beauty is cleverly accented by a simple dark sheer topped with this quaint old-worldish bonnet. The picture at right admirably illustrates the charming draping of the pink veil. Note Mary's gold oyster shell clip, complete with pearl, as sole accent for dark frock.

Three cinema charmers wear three eye-compelling chapeaux, below. First, at left below, Ann Miller, who is appearing with James Stewart and Jean Arthur in Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You," wears a peanut straw Tyrolean hat with cord binding and a fluffy brush. See Ann's lapel clip of tiny firecrackers? Center below, Wendy Barrie's black big-brimmed picture hat which she enhances with sleek black kid gloves and bag and brilliantly jeweled bracelet. Then Jacqueline Wells, as high fashion accent for her print chiffon frock, chooses a twin-peaked hat of black straw, caught in the middle with shirred grosgrain ribbon.

Hats must be gay, romantic or dramatic—or Hollywood stars won't wear them!

Paris

Get a fresh perspective of picture stars as they play in gay Paree

By Stiles Dickenson

Above, Fernand Gravet and his wife, the well-known French actress Jane Renouardt, at Gare St. Lazare. Left, seeing Claudette off! An admiring crowd surrounds la Colbert as she leaves Paris en route to Hollywood.

GARE ST. LAZARE! What a world of bustling activity that name brings to one's mind! That's the station in Paris where all the trains from the Trans-Atlantic boats arrive. The glamorous one's first glimpse of Paris and obviously Paris' first glimpse of the glamorous one. Now, of late years it has been the scene of farewells to Parisian favorites starting off to that Mecca of all troupers—Hollywood. Just the other day we said "au revoir" to two of Paris' own daughters who have scaled the ladder of fame and fortune. They had returned to look the old place over again. Claudette Colbert was born near-by but much water has flowed under the bridges and Claudette has climbed far, wide and handsome since she was a little gamin in Paris. The other daughter was Lily Pons. Claudette slipped into town very much on tiptoe. Hidden behind her married name and dark glasses she arrived from the south of France and until actually recognized on the streets her presence was not known. She wanted a real holiday to enjoy herself and succeeded very well in her efforts for privacy. Ran into her a couple of times at our favorite restaurant and caught her laughing hilariously at Mistinguett in the revue at the Casino de Paris. Of course such a glamorous lady could not escape a party of some sort, so a very jolly cocktail party was staged at the Paramount and La Colbert blossomed forth in all her radiance. She gaily told of her jaunt in Austria —tumbles down the mountain sides at winter sports. Sunbaths on the shores of the Mediterranean and then a final look at Paris before returning to work. After the party she slipped back into her shell, only to emerge at the Gare St. Lazare to catch the boat train.

At the station Claudette found that other Parisian darling, Lily Pons, ready to sail on the same boat. Am sure the tiny song-bird was glad to have the quiet of a boat after her whirlwind tour in Europe. On her arrival, a delegation met her at Havre and decorated her with high honors. She settled a couple of days in Paris and flew (literally) to London to sing in a concert, took flight again to sing in some cities in Scandinavia and then back to Paris to sing in two sensationally successful performances of "Lucia" at the Opera. Then down to her native Cannes to give a concert and receive the honors of the town. Back to Paris again and the day before sailing she gave a merry cocktail party. She was more interested in telling about a christening at which she had stood as god-mother earlier in the day than about her own interesting vivacious little self. Noting her activities one can realize that there was a great deal of truth in the remark, oft repeated during her long engagement to Andre Kostelanetz that she "was too busy to spare the time to get married." Possibly the fact that she was finding the time necessary to devote to the nuptial ceremonies accounted for the diva's great excitement during her visit over here. Lily and Claudette made an amusing picture when seen together at the station. Each one's contrasts set off the other—if you know what I mean.

With the Gare St. Lazare still on my mind, it did my heart good to see the flutter of excitement that that first great idol of the screen still creates with her arrival and departure. It's Mary Pickford, of course. She dashed across the ocean to London for a business conference with ex-husband Douglas Fairbanks, Sam Goldwyn, and Alexandra Korda in regard to the United Artists Company, of which she is one of the officials. Mary couldn't be so near to Paris without looking in on us. So over she came, but only to spend four days. The week-end she spent at Lady Mendl's villa in Versailles. As the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are neighbors, they carried out the neighborly feeling by dining at Lady Mendl's. So Mary

did her curtsy to the ex-king and had a long visit with his charming Duchess. Back in town Mary gave a cocktail party the day before sailing All the gals do it, you see. Mary was all enthusiasm about a cosmetic business she is launching. Guess it's all this activity that keeps the little lady looking so young. I complimented her on how well she looked and asked her how she did it. She winked and said, with a smile, that she supposed it was because she was happy. From the twinkle in her eye I imagine she was thinking of Buddy Rogers. The next day we waved goodbye to her at the station on her way to meet her Buddy and launch her beauty parlors. She should appear in person at her parlors as she is a wonderful living advertisement.

Wallace Beery lingered in Paris a few days, having wended his way up from Italy and the South of France. He quite amused the Parisians stalking about the Boulevards, for he looks exactly like his screen self—only more so, bigger and better. At the station he seemed a bit uncomfortable at the attention he created and was relieved when the train eventually pulled out.

Fernand Gravet always stages a grand show at the Gare St. Lazare for he is one of Paris' real idols. His last visit was a short one and only for a holiday. Generally on his visits here he has made a French film, so as not to let the French feel he has deserted them completely. A very good idea, that—which is done also by that other French favorite, Charles Boyer. On his last visit Fernand didn't have the time to make a film, much to the Parisians' sorrow. Instead he played about his villa at Saint Cloud, overlooking Paris, and at his little country place near Tours. Down there he really enjoys himself with riding and helping in his vineyards. When I asked him what sort of wine he made from his grapes, white or red wine, he gaily smiled and said, "Neither, it's pink wine we make." So I was wrong in my guess. It's a joy to see Fernand stay so unspoiled after his big success in America. He is such an interesting, sensible fellow. Certainly knows his acting stuff for as a child he was a brilliant actor in the theatre and toured the Orient and South America. No flash in the pan is this one. He is a clever artist, too. I have painted his miniature several times and when posing for me he would sit and sketch splendid caricatures of celebrities. Once at a charity performance he appeared and did a series of lightning sketches on a big board. A great success he was. We were sorry to wave farewell to him at the station, but he assured us that as soon as he finished "The Great Waltz" for M-G-M he will return again for a longer time.

Speaking of old-timers, that mean, bad, continental villain of other days, Eric Von Stroheim, is appearing in a series of French films with great success. He hasn't changed since his Hollywood days and is still the great menace in any language. Saw him working the other day at the studio and his poise and artistry seemed to inspire the other actors. The worse he appeared, in character of course, the better they acted. So menace has its virtue in a certain way.

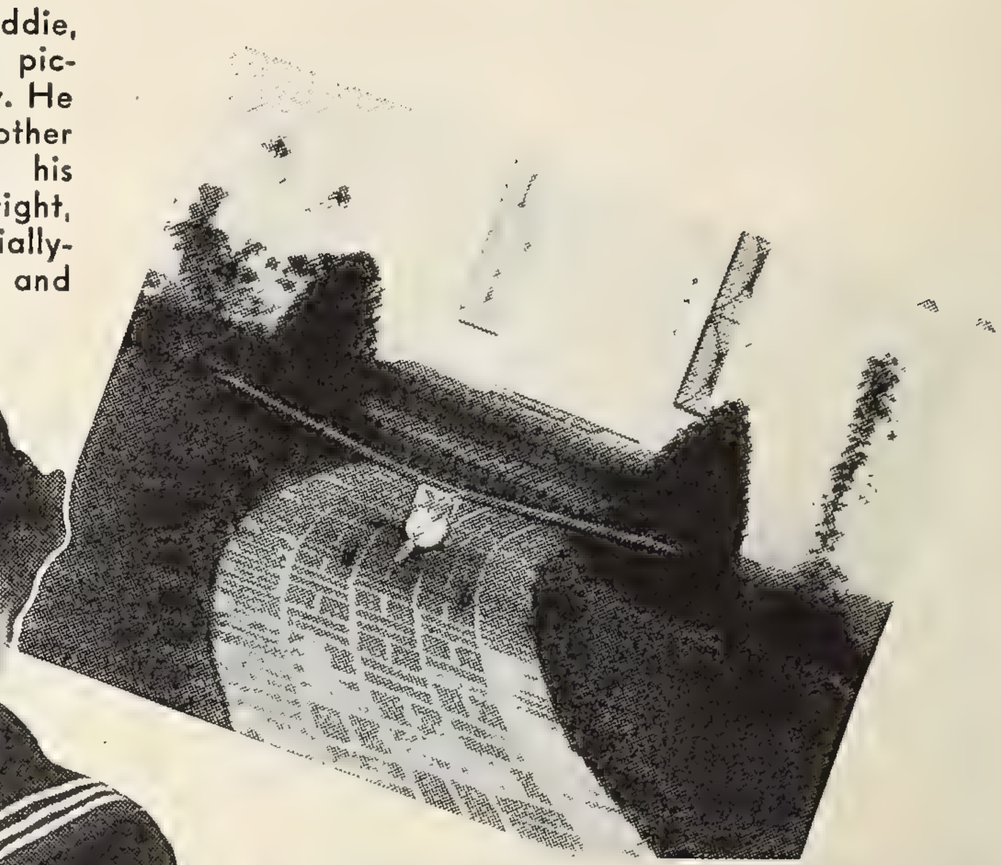
Also saw another arch villain, extremely continental too, at work. This was Conrad Veidt—who can forget his fiendish face in some of his horror films? When I saw him at the studio he was his old polished self in the setting of the Russia of Catherine the Great. He was making a film opposite Francoise Rosay, called "The Chess Player." It was interesting to watch these two great artists making close-ups. Madame Rosay is the wife of Jaques Feyder, the director whose film, "Carnival in Flanders," was such a great success in America and England. I had an entertaining afternoon watching the splendors of the Court of Russia of other days reproduced. The French certainly do well this type of film.

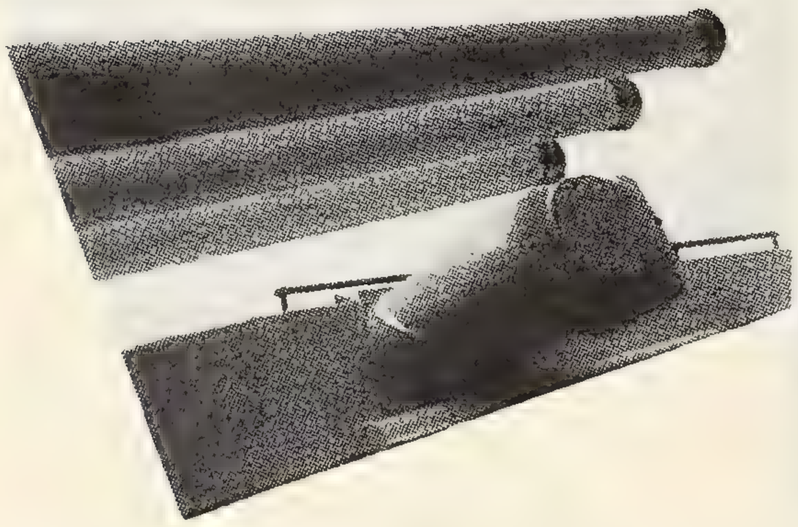
Couldn't leave the Gare St. Lazare without touching on the goings and comings of Marlene Dietrich. This time it was a coming instead of a going. La Dietrich arrived all smiles for a good long holiday. As she didn't make a film on her last trip to Hollywood I gather it will be a holiday from studio discussions and conferences. She lingered in Paris a few days to look over the collections of the famous Parisian dressmakers but being a really fond mother she betook herself to Switzerland to see her daughter Maria, who is in school there. No matter where she goes or what she does Marlene is the brilliant, languid center of interest. After completing her current holiday over here, the much-traveled Marlene returns to Hollywood to make two films under her contract with Columbia—one to be directed by Frank Capra.

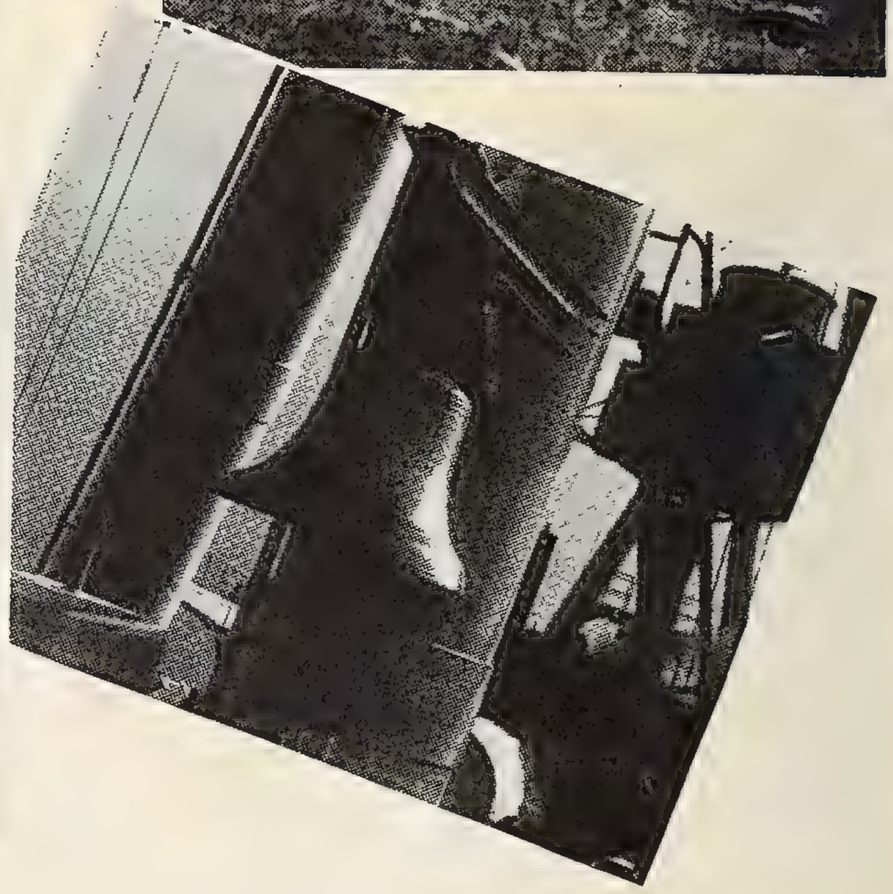
Two views, above, of Marlene Dietrich in Paris: left, with Director Josef von Sternberg; right, with her husband. At far left, Lily Pons just before boarding the boat train.

Freddie, the Candid Kid!

He and his shadow! Freddie, below, tried to take a picture of his own shadow. He enjoys freak shots. See other examples: his house, his dog, his toy airplane, right, his view—and specially-prized shots of cannon and ship's bell.







FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW was only as high as his Aunt Cissie's elbow when he first came to Hollywood. He used to welcome interviewers, so long as he could see them while sharing a chair with her, and the two of them would chatter along, taking the words out of each other's mouths and telling jokes on one another. All very informal. But now Freddie is two inches taller than his aunt, and terribly reserved. He resents questions. Possibly his bitter experience in courts of law has something to do with it. At any rate, the sight of a writer is enough to button up his mouth.

"I'm afraid he's at the Don't-Interview-Me age," smiled Miss Bartholomew, as her nephew, in his blue sailor suit, dashed with alacrity back to the set of "Lord Jeff" after a brief: "How do you do?" and "Excuse me."

"He'll come back, after this scene, if he sees us looking at pictures," she added. "He's quite keen about his camera. A little too keen for comfort—*my* comfort—at times. I find it a bit exhausting to sit in his dark room for hours, watching him print pictures, or enlarge them, or try out ideas but he seems not to enjoy it unless I'm there to admire and say: 'How wonderful!' at intervals.

"He hates to talk about himself. I believe he's afraid of growing up into a braggart or something. He says he'd rather *do* than *talk*. He's always been quite a one for hobbies. When he was quite little, it was trains. Electric trains that he could set up, or real ones that he could travel in. Then he had a stamp collection. His director in 'Kidnapped' gave him a printing press and he spent days printing up cards for Warner Baxter, and others, at a dollar a hundred.

Actor Bartholomew revealed as a boy with a hobby! Let Freddie, the demon amateur photographer, tell you how to make the most of your own camera craze

By Ruth Tildesley

"Before the printing press came the candid camera, carpentry, and planes. All three are still with us. We were making 'Captains Courageous' when the camera fever broke out. Christian Rub had a Leica and was very good at making candid shots with it. Really, quite the best I've ever seen. When Freddie saw what Mr. Rub could do with a sail and a sky and a sheet of water, he was enthralled. Such a nice man, Mr. Rub. Always so patient and kind. He let Freddie try out with his camera, and together they'd decide what was wrong with his shots. Melvyn Douglas was another camera enthusiast on that picture and between them they fired Freddie with such enthusiasm that he felt he *had* to have one.

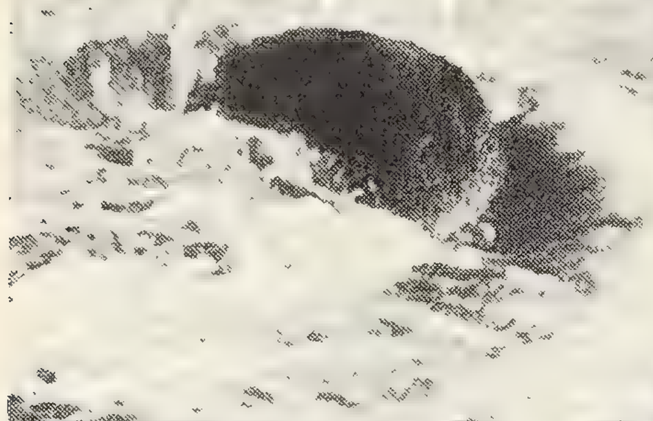
"A friend in the east came in with me and we bought him a Leica, Christmas before last. Another friend added a dark room to our new house for him. Spencer Tracy gave him an enlarging machine, and someone else contributed printing equipment. So there we were.

"The dark room isn't large, but Freddie built the shelves himself. I mentioned his carpentry hobby? I suppose there are more nails in the dark room than in the rest of the entire house, but Freddie is pleased, so that's all that's necessary. When he's ready to go in for a bit of printing, I have to go down with him, with nothing but a red lamp for light. He's quite critical about his own shots. Always seems able to see how they could be bettered."

Freddie's other hobby — planes — ties in with the camera craze. "I don't know when he wasn't mad about airplanes," sighed Miss Bartholomew. "At first, the studio forbade him to ride in one, and I was quite pleased. But as time went on, more and more people were permitted to fly, and Freddie kept begging to be allowed to try it. Our lawyer, Colonel Neblett, flies his own plane, a private cabin plane seating four or five. One day, he invited us to come down and look it over. I said: 'Now, you're not to ask to ride in it, mind!' and Freddie said: 'Oh, no, of course not!' We went down, and they admired it. They (*Please turn to page 96*)

At it again! Above, his beloved pet, "Conkle." Top left, sailors on U.S.S. Pennsylvania; top right, wigwagging. At right, Freddie with his aunt, Miss Cissie Bartholomew.

Here's Hollywood!



Sylph-like Susan Hayward, ankle-deep in the Pacific, seems to find the water too wet—or maybe Sue's tootsies are ticklish. Plumes for Marjorie Weaver, in the finely-feathered costume, left, and the leading rôle with Warner Baxter, right.

Good News, briefly told, about the people who make films so fascinating

By Weston East

ONE of the least-mentioned advantages of a five-acre estate on top of a Hollywood hill is that you can swim nude in your fine swimming pool. Katharine Hepburn doesn't bother with either a one or two-piece scantie. But don't grow excited—she is a veritable Garbo when in her dripping and diving mood. The servants retire to the other wing of her mansion, the gardener is ordered to the south section among the tulips, and then Kate dives like a bird. If any candid cameramen can read, and have an inspiration to go up and shoot her in the act they'd better not follow through with the urge. Kate will have the law on 'em, and don't think she wouldn't!

TYRONE POWER has reached that peak of success where he, too, has to get-away-from-it-all. He's been working steadily, and that is no lie because he's been starring both in screen epics and on a weekly radio show. After some 200 days of continuous work, with nary a vacation of any consequence—unless making love to Janet Gaynor qualifies!—he's off on a secret jaunt. He'll be gone all month. He wouldn't tell a soul—except Janet and his ma and Mr. Zanuck's private secretary—where he was heading. If he materializes in your neighborhood, make friends with him. He's really a swell egg. But don't wire Winchell or Tyrone will whisk himself right out of your life.

THAT campaign to save Bob Taylor from the "too beautiful" curse laid on him by New York newspapermen is going full steam at last. His current appearance as a prize-fighter wasn't done with doubles. Bob installed a complete gym out at his ranch home and when he finished training with a real knock-out expert he kept on his new schedule. The lad weighs 173 pounds in his fightin' shorts, if you want to get personal, and never looked "beautifuler." He wants to climb the Khyber Pass in far-away India next fall. In Hollywood, when they talk about getting-away-from-it-all they really talk! The expense of phone calls from India to Barbara Stanwyck will probably kill this notion of Bob's. But the one rôle he's been mad to play is "Gunga Din," and since Cary Grant got it instead Bob wants to go see the Far East in person while Cary acts against a California backdrop.

GABLE item for the month: Clark's taken up stamp collecting! One of the prop boys explained the fun you get out of saving stamps of all nations and Gable promptly ordered his secretary to carefully put aside all the stamps that arrive on fan mail. Can you imagine Carole Lombard sitting on her parlor floor, calm as a cucumber, pondering the newest issue from Paraguay?

THE girl who bides her time is often wisest. Loretta Young, take a bow! Several years ago when George Brent arrived in Hollywood both Loretta and Ruth Chatterton sighed ecstatically. But Ruth was a sophisticate and a big-shot star and she apparently outdistanced Loretta. George found himself Ruth's leading man, by specific request, and he was quickly bowled over by the seasoned Chatterton charm. Came George's marriage to Ruth and ultimate divorce. Time tripped on. Recently Lux asked Loretta to co-star with George

Janet Gaynor, Burke, and Doug themselves as com an uncomfortable scene for "The Yo right, James Stewart, ladies with Margare next?—we'll show vo page 73.

in a radio show. She rather liked the idea. There were many hours of rehearsal. They clicked as make-believe sweethearts. Since they've been dating steadily. She who laughs last and all that might be the best tag, but there won't be a wedding. George has three divorces to his name and Loretta will only wed in her church.

JEAN ARTHUR had everyone at Columbia guessing as to how she'd behave when she returned to work after her year's scrap with Harry Cohn, the studio boss. There was no grand entry. Jean was quiet and obviously delighted to be back. She used the same kind of old canvas portable dressing-rooms as all the other members of her cast and she watched the others when she wasn't busy acting herself. She wore plain slacks and a white blouse and easy slippers when not in costume. No fireworks—and Jean with such a reputation for being hard to get along with! She isn't, when she's having a crack at a good part, at all hard to handle. Husband Frank Ross has switched from real estate on Long Island to the Hal Roach studio; he has become a picture producer.

WHILE Gypsy Rose Lee is doing her level best to conform with the studio campaign playing down her burlesque past, and what with her screen name—Louise Hovick—and a trailer complex that's mentioned to every reporter helping to turn the trick, there is only one flaw in the ointment. We hear that when Gyp is entertaining, and there's that pause every hostess hates, she gets out a projector and shows her guests her film recording of her old strip tease stunt.

WELL, the Jon Hall-Frances Langford romance wasn't in the rumor stage long enough to make the heart-throb reporters outguess themselves. It was love from the start: each is crazy about each other, each other's family, and work. Jon, loyal to Frances' artistic medium, played on the radio team when George Raft rounded up the best baseball players to defend the movie men's honor. And Jon hit so many home runs clear over the fence that from the sixth inning on they made him bat left-handed. The new, uncaught man of the hour is Richard Greene. Sometimes Sonja Henie thought she had him on tap. He was her leading man, and you'll remember proximity drew Tyrone Power to her, too. But then Richard, late of London, would take Arleen Whelan to the Tropics for the cocktail hour. So long as the actresses are kept guessing a handsome youth who's star-bound can take his pick.

THE best stories about Hollywood are those that "can't be told." Here are a few which would interest you: the story of how Loretta Young feels about her kid sister Georgianna's insistence upon becoming a movie actress. Georgianna went out and got a rôle. She is fourteen, the age Loretta herself began playing leads. But you probably won't see much of the girl and Loretta won't discuss why. And then there's the [illegible] to be publicized—at Alice's request. It's such a human interest yarn, too, how she's helped them make good in California. But the best one yet concerns two big-studio stars who are supposed to be in love with one another. Their love for one another, according to snoopers, has set their studio chiefs in a panic. For both are married, and their marriages have been extolled as the epitome of happiness. A reshuffling would cause no end of adverse chatter. Guess who?

DON AMECHE is nearly always smiling and he has the best disposition of any actor in Hollywood. But recently he was plenty mad. After carefully looking over the various cars, he bought a popular model for his wife. It was the kind she preferred for herself and their two babies. She thought the left rear wheel bumped strangely and wrote a note to the agency asking to have it checked. The car was serviced, apparently. Two weeks after de-

Uncle Gus (he's been a horse about Hollywood long enough to learn the art of ribbing) tells Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, and young Donald O'Connor they'll have to give out with real swing if they want him to dance. Imagine that!

10,000 miles and then had been ... them as new! Honore wrote a top executive of the motor company, telling of the accident and how the agency had not only not checked the wheel but how she'd actually been driving with but two half-tightened lugs holding it. She'd heard that you only have to write to the head man to get prompt action. Her letter was completely ignored. But she wrote a second letter East which evoked an apology and asked what could be done to make amends. "The first thing you can do," retorted Honore, "is read your mail!"

THE marriage of Cecilia Parker and Dick Baldwin had been attended by an advance commotion that surprised the Hollywood folks. There were all sorts of tales about how Mama Parker was agin the match. They said she told Dick never to darken the Parker door again when she found Cecilia coming home with an engagement ring on. When the furore died down everyone concerned stated that there had been no maternal objection at all—and anyway, don't all mothers hate to lose their daughters? The philosophy tacked on to the story of eternal peace during the courtship is rather conflicting. Cecilia and Dick rented an apartment in Westwood and bought their furniture before they decided on a wedding date.

WHEN Olivia de Havilland returned from England recently on the *Normandie* they showed her latest epic, "The Adventures of Robin Hood," and everyone was surprised that she didn't attend. Olivia didn't sweep in with a gang of adoring shipboard friends because, though she was dying to see the picture, she hadn't the nerve to sit in a small projection room and watch herself emote. The gal is not only genuinely modest but she has a swell sense of humor, too. F'r instance, she's still chuckling over the note she received from Basil Rathbone's "man." When Basil was working with Olivia his man served her tea every afternoon, very elegantly. The gentleman's gentleman requested her autographed photo and when the film was fin-

Youth marches on with a smile. Two of the film colony's favorite youngsters are Mavourneen and Sean O'Brien, above with their mother, wife of film favorite Pat O'Brien. Jane Withers has a great big smile for Henry Wilcoxon, at right, who is playing a principal part in the little trouper's newest picture.

Here's Wayne ruggedly individual in corduroys instead of satin swim trunks—giving Jack LaRue a straight from the shoulder talk in a scene for "Valley of the Giants," in which Claire Trevor, left, stars in a new type of rôle for her.

ished Olivia sent it to him. He wrote her in Eric Blore editorial style: "We appreciate the photograph so much and we are so glad you like our tea. We are working at Paramount now, but we hope to see you soon and we shall be very happy to serve tea to you when next we return to Warners." So the fellow who writes that Blore dialogue has been dishing us a true version of life among mens' men! Olivia says if she had remained in her small-town home she'd never have confirmed this fact.

THE rise of Dennis O'Keefe is one more proof that Hollywood's a fantastic place. The other night he was on a double bill, enacting the lead in one picture and being just an extra in the other. The picture in which he was among the mob had been a year in the making, due to Jimmy Stewart's being ill and RKO having to wait eight or nine months for another chance to borrow Jimmy to finish up. Dennis has celebrated his rise by separating from his wife and leasing Joan Bennett's Malibu cottage for the summer. Wonder what another year will bring him? Beverly and a blonde, mebbe?

THOUGH Travis Banton, who designs all of Carole Lombard's clothes on and off the screen, declared that veils were passe the girls about Hollywood continue to wear 'em whenever they want an extra dash of seductiveness. Adrian, the style marvel at Metro, announces that fantastic and grotesque modes are an old racket. "During Marie Antoinette's time they removed the tops of the coaches to allow for the hairdresses." He further states that any woman who appears ridiculous does so of her own free will; he advocates originality but draws the line at absurdities. (Don't recall those hats he made Garbo wear!) He's been having fun whipping up extraordinary outfits for the womenfolk of the land of Oz, and you know that Judy Garland has arrived when Adrian is assigned to costume her picture. He sent to his old home town—Naugatuck, Connecticut—for his old school books. As a kid he read the Oz books and sketched costumes for the strange inhabitants of the imaginary land. He wants to prove he was bright even at an early date. From Crawford to Garland—time and Adrian marches on!

BASIL RATHBONE is still the best antidote for trite stars. There's nothing commonplace about him; he does everything with an exciting flair. When he staged that wedding for his son every celebrity in town was invited to the gar-

As promised, we're showing you James Stewart with his latest leading lady, Jean Arthur. Jim and Jean are in "You Can't Take It With You," directed by Frank Capra, with the stars at left. Maude Adams, great stage star, above, with Producer David O. Selznick, who has signed her to a film contract.

Arms and MacMurray! Pretty Ellen Drew is the girl who clinches man, and Fred MacMurray the actor who must convince the audience he just can't be bothered, for comedy effect in "Sing You Sinners." John Payne has a trick that intrigues the girls—balancing a balloon, no less—in "Garden of the Moon," right.

den ceremony. John McCormack sang, and there were 21,000 gardenias used in decorating! Basil sent the young couple to swank Del Monte for their honeymoon. Since son Rodion is but 22 the bride was publicized as 21. But they forgot to tell the gal, so she wrote 25 on the marriage license! The new Mrs. R. is a brunette beauty from Wisconsin who came West last winter to crash the movies. She met Rodion on a skiing party at Arrowhead. Basil's coaching her and has Constance Collier teaching her tricks, too, so watch for a new star—Caroline Fisher. Rathbone, Jr., a graduate of Oxford, has begun a career in the technical side of pictures.

IF YOU think kids who play in the movies are backstage brats you ought to meet the "Cockney" boy who teams with Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff." In reality Peter Lawford, age 15, is the son of a British nobleman who is a lieutenant-general in the British army. Peter speaks 5 languages, has been around the world twice. He has lived in Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Deauville, Sidney, Colombo, Tahiti, Bombay, Barcelona, Lisbon, Panama, New York, and—for the past six months—his father has been residing in Hollywood. Peter wrote a letter to Director Sam Wood, asking for a rôle. It was such an unusual note that he was invited to the studio and promptly signed. But when his aristocratic pals see him again are they going to snub him for turning Cockney on them? Peter, become Pete, bets they'll all be jealous of his Hollywood experience.

WHEN Michael Whalen found Ilona Massey too busy one afternoon recently he decided to take another whirl at mastering the trombone. He went over to Chick Chandler's for a lesson. They were tooting loudly in Chick's garden, with total disregard of the neighbors, when a shower of rocks descended. Investigating, they discovered that Lew Ayres lived above. Lew's verdict was either shut up or come up and get the true hang of the thing. A trombone is a cinch for Ayres, who can play practically any instrument you bring up anytime.

ALL that build-up for Sophie Tucker is but a memory already! She was going to be another Marie Dressler, you know. But someone changed his mind and now Sophie has left Hollywood to resume her night-club singing. It was a bitter disappointment to her. Her start at M-G-M was widely ballyhooed, but her departure was handled so quietly that hardly anyone realized she was out until she'd been gone a couple of months. But Sophie at least has a new tag. She had always billed herself as "The last of the red-hot mamas." Now she tells the nighteries to describe her as "Hollywood's glamor girl number one." Well, why not!

IS Sylvia Sidney right when she is reported to say that Hollywood people don't know the meaning of friendship? Is it true that when she was in a Hollywood hospital once not a soul would come to see her, even when she phoned and detailed her accident? Well, when a person hasn't a single considerate acquaintance, whose fault is it? Remember the story Sylvia gave once, stating that aside from wanting to please five particular people she didn't give a hoot whether anyone else liked her? She must have picked the wrong five!

ANITA LOUISE came home the other night and hastily telephoned her mother. "I've been awarded a medal!" she cried gleefully. Inevitably late on set, she arrived on time that morning. Before an hour had passed the crew had formally presented her with a huge cellophane medal fancily labeled, "To Anita—For Being On Time!" Well, a gal who emerges looking as she does can afford to be tardy. The early worm gets the bird—if the boys sight a number like Louise.

HUGH HERBERT can't resist being the playboy of the San Fernando Valley. He's a Japanese houseboy to everybody who telephones him, including his studio. When the casting office calls him with instructions on how to appear for a scene he tries to stall with the announcement that Mr. Herbert no here. When they insist it's important the "houseboy" mutters okay, okay, and believes he can locate the boss. It was a terrifically successful runaround until Hugh absentmindedly threw in a "Woo woo!" one day.

LEAVE it to Sid Grauman, who thought up those Hollywood prologues of yesteryear, to find a way to tide over. He can't present pictures in style until somebody axes double bills. But meanwhile he's not going to relax. He's opened the Hollywood Rollerbowl, which he advertises modestly as the world's greatest skating rink. For a reasonable sum you can skate on a "giant" sound stage at the old Warner Brothers studio on Sunset Boulevard. It's caught on with the stars themselves, some of whom are wondering if Sid, who also originated the hand-and-foot-print-for-posterity idea at his famous Chinese Theatre, will ask them to make a sitting in plaster as bait to tourists!

FOR a dozen years Basil Rathbone's wife has held their marriage her only job. But Basil has persuaded her to listen to the loud opportunities knocking on her door. In silent pictures she was very successful as a scenario writer, making more money than he does. Having improved his personality and guided him through the shoals that wreck most actor's chances, Ouida is resuming her own career. She's stirred up a drama around the life of the great musician Liszt, also a melo for Bobby Breen. You can gather from this how versatile she is. While being "just a wife" she perfected herself as an interior decorator, music lover, hostess, and brilliant conversationalist. She

Sentiment goes with the sentence Lloyd Nolan very reluctantly serves in a new film. Come, come, Lloyd. If you try to get out you might get "solitary," then you'll be missing Shirley Ross. Ronnie, Gracie and Sandra at their garden gate, left—Gracie Allen, you know, and her two happy children.

reads more good books than any other woman in Hollywood. But let's not get started on Ouida. And don't let Basil. He appreciates her, and what more can any wife want?

MARGARET LINDSAY is going to learn to laugh when she's hailed by a nickname—if her fellow workers can do anything about it. A couple of years ago she was irked when Jean Muir used to greet her as "Lindsay." Such abruptness was not what she'd been raised on. Now Johnny Davis addresses her, regularly, as "Target." A pun seems even worse to her than going by her last name alone. But this is what you get in Hollywood.

THE stars are stopped by their kiddies' bright behavior. Gracie Allen gave her four-year-old son Ronnie a disciplinary tap because he was picking the petals from the flowers in her drawing room. "I'll leave home!" wailed the insulted offender. "Where'll you go?" Gracie wondered. "I'm going in the doghouse!" he announced. But that's nothing compared to what Pat O'Brien's been up against. He told his four-year-old Mavourneen to leave the family cat alone (because kittens were en route). Next day no one could locate the child. Ultimately she was discovered in one of the bathrooms, holding the cat. When they asked why she hadn't answered their calls Mavourneen replied solemnly, "I was afraid to upset the cat." And on the following day, when the kittens did arrive, she was jubilant. She believes her poise turned the trick.

GLORIA STUART used to maintain that she'd wind up running a newspaper, for she was a reporter before she concentrated on acting. Now her husband is positive she'll be an antiquarian when her golden hair turns to silver. No, that doesn't mean she'll be an old something-or-other; it means she'll be a dealer in antiques. She "did" her own house instead of hiring a decorator, so successfully bargaining for beautiful antiques that several shops have offered her jobs. The collecting bug has bitten harder now. She returned from Ensenada to discover ten unexpected days before beginning a new drama of neglected emotions. She promptly scouted around for an "investment." It materialized as an English cottage, which she decorated and furnished completely. Such antique-trading as went on! She has to trade, for she can't have any more pieces sitting about. Gloria got so enthused she almost moved into her latest creation.

HOLLYWOOD'S first ladies wear gorgeous leis airplaned especially to them via the China Clipper. They strut in gowns direct from Paris. But who'd have thought the movie men would order their shoes clear from Freeport, Maine? Edgar Kennedy started this craze. He introduced canoe shoes, even though he hasn't a canoe to his name. They're oxfords of elkskin, with regular soles but zippers instead of shoe strings. "So easy on the arches," he explains. He never does a slow burn in private life since he made his discovery.

SO Patsy Kelly finally has gone and done it—slimmed. She maintained she didn't give a hoot for a stylish figgur. She piled on the nearest clothing, with rare defiance for all fashion-mongers. Then no one saw her around town for a while. When Patsy returned she promptly appeared at a night club on the Sunset Strip, and is she the one at last.

HENRY FONDA hardly looks the type, but he has actually been getting away from it all by rounding up cattle. He's been lassoing up on a ranch his wife's relatives own near Santa Fe, New Mexico. This, plus the news that Robert Taylor spent his first free afternoon this month helping a neighbor unload two carloads of cows, gives you a hint of what Hollywood's really like. The soulful lovers turn out to be yippee enthusiasts!

MICKEY ROONEY isn't letting acting cramp his fun. "I'll only be young once," he announces emphatically. He's joined the musicians' union and organized a dance orchestra and he's leading it these summer evenings. Pretty snappy, a double career at sixteen. But then he has to work fast. He's announced that at twenty-one he'll turn director!

IT'S a shame, those grimaces Arthur Treacher is wasting! Someone is pulling that familiar telephone gag on him and he's reacting as though the cameras were trained on him. For the past week his phone has rung at 7 a.m., and being between pictures this is awful. He wants to sleep until a beam of noonday Sun gently awakens him. Instead there has come, with terrible regularity, this frightful clanging. He answers, to stop it. "Is this the garbage collecter?" asks a horridly sweet voice. "Really, don't you know," mutters Arthur, "it's going a bit too far!" You might try it on your favorite hate!

THERE is a new heroine at Universal, one Constance Moore, who opines that "Pretty clothes make a girl happy, and are as necessary to a woman's happiness as food and sunshine." Why, Miss Moore, we'd like to introduce you to Frances Farmer. Not to disparage your desire for a nifty wardrobe, but just to let you know that Miss F. would make mince-meat out of you if you talked like that around her. Frances doesn't give one hoot about fashionable clothes. She only bought one evening dress, and that after a year of stardom and under protest and just because the studio made her attend a big dinner. She says a wardrobe would bore her stiff, that lovely gowns and hats and shoes are all tosh. All a gal needs to be happy is a chance to use her brains and her emotions. When Frances was being a screen glamor girl for Goldwyn she drove to work in a tinny old Ford, with a sack of wood tied onto the front fender. She took it home for firewood.

The Ups and Downs of Hair

Fashion dictates—up! Beauty and personality dictate—up and down! Choose the best points of each for yourself

By Courtenay Marvin

Above, Ann Sheridan makes curls via the hairpin method, described herein. Left, Danielle Darrieux knows the appeal of the long, soft bob, while Claire Trevor, right, shows a lovely version of the upward formal trend. Among these is a compromise for your best accent.

ARE you a slave of habit about hair styles? That is, do you still wear your hair almost as you did when a little girl? A side part, perhaps, with a soft curling bob? Or are you a slave of fashion to the extent that you sacrifice your best features and your personality, even, to an arrangement that is not in harmony with your face or with you? If you do either, you are missing a big bet for loveliness and charm.

By contrast with the slave type, are you constantly experimenting with your hair to make yourself lovelier, smarter and different? Do you try longish, short, up and down arrangements? Do you really know the best line suited to your face? If you experiment, choose styles according to the silhouette of clothes, shape of hats and contour of face, then you're on the right track. A new arrangement, which need not mean exaggerated style, is often your best bid for smartness, provided it is right for you.

Of course the hair trend is up, up, and up. It has been gradually creeping up on us for years, but I think it's reached the apex now. It can't go much higher, unless we resort to the Marie Antoinette idea with bird nests and little houses atop the head!

There are good points to the upward trend—and bad. The good points are that hair up and off the face looks fresh and cool for summer. Bared forehead and temples, unless extremely high, give a charming frankness and clarity to the face. You never get this effect with gobs and loops of hair low over this area. Some of you may remember the time when thinning and shaping of hair wasn't done and so heavy, flat marcelled loops scalloped the face, far from lovely. A change in part, a change in the direction in which your hair lies, is good for it. A good fashion point of the modified upward movement is that it is vastly more attractive under the flat sailor and Watteau type of hat widely worn. To have these flat, saucer shapes sit atop us and have a long, unbroken sweep of hair well down on the neck looks ridiculous, to put it mildly. The other extreme, the up coiffure that leaves the back hair looking too flat and scraggly, too up and long, certainly isn't pretty, either. Prettiness is still very, very important. After all, it's your strongest lure for the male. Men still like pretty women.

Wear your hair up, by all means, if you can get away with it—charmingly. If you can't, wear it up and off the forehead and temples, compromising with lower softness at the back. Perhaps a soft roll across the back; soft, close-to-the-head curls or a back center part, from which the hair is swirled and made into soft end curls to form a close border above your neck. These three look very well

with all kinds of hats. The slight back fullness fills in from hat to neck, balances the profile and is generally attractive. Remember, that for practical purposes, no matter how new, how smart, a style is, if it doesn't do something for you, it isn't good fashion for you.

For evening, when you are wearing a long skirt, hair at the top of the head is often lovely, if you have a facial contour you can afford to show and if you aren't too tall and slim. This is a slimming idea for the short, too heavy girl. Sometimes you can brush your natural curls up and get a lovely, casual effect. More often, you need the hairdresser to fix you up—once at least, until you get the hang of it. Watch closely just how the hair is parted, set and brushed, practice a little, and you won't be at a loss when you have to rearrange your hair.

Younger girls still like to follow the general example of Hollywood—the longish bob. It is youthful for the youthful—never for the more mature. The long bob, like any other, needs to be thinned and shaped from time to time. With this hair, too, you can have it done up or down, because you have enough to work with, or experiment with it, yourself. Curl it up tight for evening and get a chic effect. Comb it out loose on the beach, and you look like a siren. Twirl it softly over your finger for country or casual wear, add a ribbon perhaps, and you look charming. If you are a business girl, remember that the trim line is still the thing.

As to facial line, if wide and round, bring some side hair forward about the ears, which cuts down on face space and makes it look slimmer. If your face is small and slim, your neck long, then you need a longish, soft bob to balance your head with the rest of your body. Lovely Loretta Young used to lament her long neck. A graceful neck that added to the willowy litheness of her figure, but Loretta didn't like it. So she wore low back curls to shorten her neck. Thus the girl with a short neck should keep her hair up off the neck to add length. When your hairline is good and you have pretty ears, show them by all means. If you haven't, cover the ears, letting the lobes show. If your forehead is too high, your temples too bare, here is a grand idea. It's good for everybody, but adjust it to special needs.

Part the hair at the front crown of the head, just as you would tie up the fore-

(*Please turn to page 96*)

Gloria Blondell annoints herself with oil to prevent sunburn.

Yours for Loveliness

Spot Lights on Beauty

AZIZA MASCARA is definitely an invitation to romance. For it gives appeal and expression to your eyes, and eyes are truly your most emotional feature. Aziza (meaning love) is a distinctive mascara. It's made of Oriental kohl, that beautifier of the Egyptians. Aziza will not sting or irritate eyes; will not smudge or run when correctly applied. It will not dry the lashes either, and the shades are unusual. Bathing beauties depend upon its waterproofness, and it has long been a beauty secret of Parisians. Well worth a try!

Aziza Mascara brings out the soul in your eyes

MAX FACTOR has developed a new kind of cream—Normalizing Cleansing Cream. This is a balanced cream for *all* types, and is an extra-fast cleanser. The texture is light, a pleasure to use, and this cream ends our guessing as to skin type. It's puzzling, at times, because of an oily nose and dry forehead, maybe. Mr. Factor assures you this cream will agree with your skin. I like it! Its name, too, tells you that it will help condition skin to normal.

Try Hinds Honey and Almond Cream this summer

YOU probably wouldn't be caught without Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in winter. But have you thought of it for summer? There are reasons why you should. Used in hot, dry weather, it keeps skin soft and moist, thus less prone to bad burn, and flaking or peeling after excessive tanning. A good warm-weather powder base, too, because it's light and powder won't cake over it. This lotion is also very cooling and soothing if you do happen to get burned. If you're wondering about the lady in the sketch, here's more news. All summer when you buy a larger Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, you get a gift of a gay cotton bandana. Six costume colors give you wide choice. Use these 'kerchiefs over your head in the peasant babushka manner, or they're colorful at the neckline of sweaters or sports clothes. Or maybe you have a better idea. The combination of cream plus the bandana is a double good-looks idea. P. S. This cream helps prevent pain and peeling on children, and men might look to it, too!

IF you're going places, the DuBarry "Streamliner" kit by Richard Hudnut should go with you. In blue striped linen airplane cloth, it contains cleansing and protective preparations as well as face powder, rouge, lipstick, mirror, and tissues.

IN YOUR secret heart, would you rather look like a lady or a hussy—a nice one, of course? Volupte has the answer in some glorious new lipsticks of two types of "finish" in the same tones. One is de-lustred, like velvet; the other has the sheen of satin. Volupte thinks that if you waltz divinely, prefer a mild nail polish and so on, you will like the lady finish. But—if you like swing music, deep lacquer and so on, you need the hussy gleam. Five identical shades in either type. Beautiful cases.

Highlighted or soft focus lips with Volupte lipstick

DON'T expose yourself to summer sun, wind and glare without Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream. This time-tested preventive will take the sting out of summer, if you use it correctly. Applied before exposure, it enables you to tan as you want. Applied before and renewed at frequent intervals, you stay lily white. Dainty, fragrant, it goes readily into the skin and will not soil or stain garments. A summer "must" if you want to feel comfortable and look well. You will have no late summer skin regrets if you use it!

THROUGHOUT this gay season, of course you'll hurry, get excited, perspire, like everybody else. This is a point you'd like to keep to yourself — perspiration. For nothing ruins your poise like feeling damp and possibly letting others know. Dew, deodorant and non-perspirant, ends this concern. Dew is so easy to use, is kind to sensitive skin, so generally dependable and satisfactory. It keeps your daintiness, charm and poise intact and it saves your clothes. It takes this biggest summer problem off your mind. In two strengths, instant or ultra. And I think you'll like it!

Dew deodorant keeps perspiration a secret

YOU must see the new Harriet Hubbard Ayer bath luxuries. There's Bathasheen Water Softener, to be used on your body under a shower or in tub. Bath Powder, Talcum Sachet and Floral Cologne. In scents like honeysuckle, heliotrope, regal lily and pink clover. They are luxuries but the prices aren't. Lovely for you or for gifts. A small gift for your week-end hostess is one way to increase popularity. Everyone likes to be remembered. Bath preparations are a perfect thought. Everyone loves them; no one has enough of them. You will admire the packages of these fragrant new Ayer preparations and so will your hostess. C. M.

Glorifying the American Matron

Continued from page 34

luxury and ease. With little warning, came the tragedy of financial ruin, and the death of her husband, and suddenly her whole life changed. She could so easily have gone down with the count, but she didn't; she held up her chin and set forth to build a new career.

Talking with her in the rose and gold drawing room of her Beverly Hills home, I watched the wheels go round in a woman's heart. Not that she was consciously revealing the heart throbs; she wasn't. But during the twilight hour as the beautiful spring day slipped into the shadows, I glimpsed the emotions that have made her what she is today.

"Readjustments are always difficult," Billie was saying. "Especially for a pampered, luxury-loving woman like myself. I don't take any credit for keeping afloat, for I've discovered that everybody has troubles and I must take my joys and jolts along with the rest of the world. Of this I'm very positive: no matter what her griefs may be, no woman has the right to grow hard. For myself, I've attained a certain serenity and I'm grateful for comedy, for definitely, it has helped me get back a proper balance.

"A pathetic coindence was that while my husband was so ill in the hospital, I was playing my most tragic rôle, that of a frivolous woman who refused to face her problems in 'A Bill of Divorcement.' Flo always wanted me to play comedy, the lighter the better, for he considered it a happy medium for a woman. He was right. No one can play comedy without getting a personal uplift, without learning to see the gayer side of every situation. It's like drinking a magic potion that wipes all unhappiness from the mind, leaving only laughter and a light heart. Sometimes between pictures, I catch myself drifting into a serious mood and I'm always glad to get back to the studio and into a new comedy character."

Billie seems destined for romance, with her sweet maturity and youthful vivacity, but she greeted my comment gaily, repeating my question with a laugh. *"Marriage?"* She shook her head. "Of course, it is possible, but hardly probable. As we can't look into the future it is wiser never to be too emphatic as to what we will, and will not do. I would never marry unless I fell in love—I doubt if one ever loves more than once, and I've had that experience."

Perhaps, more than anyone on the American stage, Billie's youth was filled with romances; many suitors sought her and one of the most ardent was the great Caruso. When he was not singing at the Metropolitan, he occupied a seat in the theatre to watch her in her plays, and with the final curtain, he invariably tossed a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses onto the stage, then rushed to her dressing room to bask in her smiles.

It happened that during this burning romance, there were three college students clamoring for her attention and whenever they invited her to dine and dance, she insisted they include Caruso. This delighted him and while it lowered the boys' enthusiasm, yet she recalls many gay celebrations with this unique combination. Then, came the evening when the Great Singer found her alone and proposed to her. Flattered and excited, Billie was still far too thrilled with her own career and her dreams of future triumphs to take him seriously, but she retained Caruso's loyal friendship to the end of his life; and today, his wife and daughter, Gloria, are counted among her intimates.

It was Billie's good friend, Somerset Maugham, who escorted her to the festive ball, one night in 1914, where she first met Florenz Ziegfeld. She was introduced without catching his name, danced with him without knowing who he was, but as they glided across the dance floor, she knew that the Big Romance of her life had come. It was an ardent and picturesque wooing, and a few months later they eloped and were married between the matinée and evening performances of her play, "Jerry."

"We kept it a secret for one whole day," observed Billie. "Maybe, because it was Sunday is the reason we succeeded!"

Billie's father was a famous clown with Barnum & Bailey circus and she probably, inherited his comedy flair, for most of her stage plays and pictures have emphasized the humorous side. Yet she insists that she is not funny, that she doesn't spontaneously see the comic angle of anything; and she likes to recall that her greatest stage success was in the title rôle of "Becky Sharp," a drama, not a comedy.

Born in Washington, D. C., she was early sent to England to be educated and it was there that, at sixteen, she made her professional début in a musical-comedy, "The School Girl," at the Prince of Wales Theatre. She listened to London's applause for four years; then, at twenty, she returned to New York to play the leading rôles opposite John Drew at the Empire Theatre.

To this day, New York is spelled with two vivid impressions for Billie: the stars in the sky, and fluffy yellow chrysanthemums. This is because, when she took her first drive through the city, after reaching America, it was the stars visible between the canyons of tall buildings, and the flashing chrysanthemums from friends and admirers that loaded her car, that gave her the greatest thrill. Even now, after the triumphs, the romance and the sorrows it has brought her, New York still stands for stars and blossoms!

"I still own the Hudson River estate for I haven't been able to sell it," said Billie, "but I consider California my home, and the screen my big interest. I do not feel I have yet found my niche in pictures, and I hope, when this craze for daffy comedies is past, I shall find it in dramatic rôles—with a touch of humor.

"It isn't that I want success for its glamor, I've had that, but I want the satisfaction of achieving something worthwhile in this medium. Too, success would make it possible for me to follow some of my pet plans—I'd like to establish a *home*, not a charitable institution, for down-and-out girls, where they would be taught to help themselves. When my daughter Patricia is on her own way, either with a career or married, I want an absorbing interest of my own."

As we talked, the shadows were enveloping the drawing room—a lovely room, and a perfect setting for her, with its priceless treasures brought from the eastern home. There was little difference in the woman before me, and the smiling girl in the life-size portrait hanging on the wall back of her, which was painted when she was a bride. Time has indeed stood still for her. Life has been stern, but also kind, because she has made it so.

As the clock in the hall chimed six-thirty, her intimate friend, Mrs. Will Rogers, breezed in, to carry her to a little dinner.

"I'm such a stay-at-home these days," explained Billie, "that I have to be pushed out, and Betty Rogers is my best pusher!"

Looking very *chic* in a black crepe frock, and a tiny hat covered with gardenias, perched saucily over one eye, Billie reminded me of one of her tantalizing screen characters, all primed to stir up mischief, but she assured me she would park her nonsense and be quite staid and proper. Adding, in a whisper, it was that kind of party.

Today, in the full bloom of her womanhood, Billie Burke has found a new serenity, and a new career; she has nothing to fear from the years!

Pale green walls and rug, satinwood furniture and mauve bed and chairs make the boudoir of Billie Burke's Beverly Hills home indisputably feminine.

Ellen Drew, one of Paramount's pretties, fashionably informal.

Cagney, Star vs. Man

Continued from page 55

egoists—not because they are swell-headed, but because everyone with whom they come in contact wants to talk about them (the actors).

Jim has no patience with that sort of thing. He talks about himself only under pressure, and then only to intimates. Although he vociferously denies it, he is one of the few people I know who is more interested in human beings and human nature than in himself or anything else.

Every one of the mannerisms he has used in his films (and there has been a different mannerism in each film) has been appropriated from someone he has met. The "Hon-ee" he called everyone in one film was lifted from the conversation of a friend of his, Frank Rowan. The playful pass at a person's chin with his clenched fist in another film was a gesture of his father's. When Jim was a kid and would come home bursting with something to tell, his father used to listen and then playfully say, "If I thought you meant that ——!" and, at the same time, make a pass at Jim's chin. The fluttering of the right hand he employed in another film was copied from Allen Jenkins' habit of speaking more with his hands than his mouth, although Allen uses both fluently.

Not long ago Jim was speaking to another friend of his—Maurice Leo, a writer. Maurice is quite a character himself. He is witty as the devil and, as if that were not enough, he stutters. On this occasion he had a gardenia in his lapel buttonhole. As he talked and stuttered, each sentence was punctuated by a sniff at the gardenia. Cagney watched him in amused silence for a few minutes. Finally Jim could control himself no longer. "That's a swell piece of business, Maurice," he burst out. "Do you mind if I use it in a picture?"

"My God!" Maurice ejaculated, "you can't open your mouth these days without meeting yourself in pictures!" But, never fear, that piece of business, improved and enlarged upon, will be seen in some future Cagney film.

The hired man on Jim's New England farm is an out-of-doors man. He was raised on a farm and has shipped on vessels all around the world. His whole life has been spent in the open. But he is deathly afraid of insects. As he talks, his conversation is continually interrupted by yelps as a gnat or some other equally ferocious animal lights on him. Dick Powell is employing that mannerism in his new picture—"The Cowboy from Brooklyn"—but it was Cagney who put Dick up to it.

Jim must be a goldbrick salesman's idea of a dream come true. He can't say "No" to anyone. In self-defense he has had to turn his business affairs over to his wife and brother. But if you could get to Jim—!

With the exception of Spencer Tracy there is probably no other actor in the business who so detests being waited upon or who so enjoys being left to his own devices.

He and Bill knew such tough times when they were first starting in the show business that whenever either of them had work they saved the major portion of their salaries. It was not until they had more money in the bank than they had ever dreamed they would possess that they bought what they considered a huge home. Actually, it is far from being huge—as compared to most stars' houses. Today, both of them are tired of the place. They have a farm in New England—a small place—and, now that he is back at Warner Brothers, they are planning to sell the large house in Beverly and build a much smaller one on some property they bought a couple of years ago.

Speaking of that New England farm, it is the kick of a lifetime to see Jim on it. There is even less of the movie star about him there than there is in Hollywood. They have a large vegetable garden and a flower garden. Bill tends to the flower garden herself and Jim the vegetable garden. This past fall, all the fruits, grapes and cranberries were personally harvested by Jim and preserved by Bill. The house is two hundred and fifty years old, so they set about furnishing it in period. All the furniture has been personally refinished by Mr. Cagney. The paint and varnish has been removed and each piece carefully sandpapered until smooth as satin.

He is almost childlike in his enthusiasms for people and talent. Although he has known Bing Crosby for some time it happened he had never heard Bing on the air until this past fall when he was at his farm. One Thursday night as a storm battered the New England coast, Jim turned on the radio and happened to catch Bing. He sat in entranced silence until the program was finished. Then he rushed for the phone to send a wire of appreciation. The telegraph at Martha's Vineyard was closed. The wires were down to New Bedford and Falmouth. Jim finally put in a long distance call to the telegraph office in Boston and the following wire was dispatched to Crosby:

> "The cows, chickens, horses and hogs for miles around join me in congratulating you and in expressing appreciation of the entertainment you have given us."

It never occurred to Jim he might have saved some money by waiting until the next morning when the local telegraph office was open to send the wire. He had enjoyed the program that night, the wire had to be sent that night.

There is no star so willing—even eager—to tell jokes at his own expense. In New York he went to see Shan Kar, the Hindu dancer. Going backstage afterwards to congratulate him, the publicity man asked Jim to pose for a picture with his star. Jim readily agreed. As the photographer prepared to snap the picture he said, "Shake hands with him, Mr. Cagney, and smile." Jim did. As Jim prepared to leave the stage a plumpish, middle-aged woman bustled up. "How do *you* happen to get into a picture with Shan Kar?" she demanded belligerently.

"Why, I—I don't know," Jim stammered in surprise. "I guess I just happened to be standing there."

"Well, you're pretty lucky, that's all *I* have to say," snapped the woman.

"I guess I was," Jim agreed mildly.

"I'm a newspaper woman," she went on, "and I thought perhaps you were someone I should know."

"No, I'm nobody," Jim reassured her.

He tells another story on himself of a time on the farm last summer when he and Bill had just got themselves new bicycles. Neither of them had ridden since they were kids and they set out along the country road in high glee. As they pedaled, an automobile horn warned them of the approach of a car. Bill drew ahead. Jim turned to look back and, as he did so, his front wheel caught in Bill's rear one and sent him sprawling, arms and legs flying in all directions. Jim, prone, but still laughing at himself, got a frightening worm's-eye view of the approaching truck.

The car came to an abrupt halt and the driver leaped out solicitously. Nothing about the incident tickled Jim so much as the fact that the driver failed to recognize him and that when he asked for Jim's name—and got it—the name meant nothing to him, either!

(To Be Concluded Next Month)

Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, Dick Powell and Frank McHugh (on the Warner lot they're known as the Four Musketeers) enjoy a joke on a recent get-together.

Sprightly spirit of Summer is Eleanor Hansen, in her ensemble of white cotton trimmed with colorful motif in shades of rust, blue, dark red, and green.

The Strange Case of Simone Simon

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to myself." And each new star who comes to Hollywood has found out differently, much to her sorrow.

Now it does seem fair, doesn't it, that a girl who works hard at her career, avoids intrigue and politics, and harms no one should be allowed to lead a perfectly normal life without the constant fear of seeing her name in headlines in the morning papers? A girl in New York—or in Podunk, or Minneapolis, or Atlanta—can stay up late dancing and laughing and having a lot of harmless fun with her best boy friend in a night club, she can even get a beautiful glow on from a few cocktails, and no one pays the slightest attention. But just let a glamor girl do that in Hollywood and immediately her name, coupled with that of her boy friend, is in all the gossip columns syndicated throughout the country. And naturally each columnist throws in a few choice tidbits of color to make the story better. An innocent little tete de tete over a brandy in the Trocadero has been known to start a public scandal.

"Why can't a girl keep her private life to herself in Hollywood?" Simone asks. Because—her Hollywood friends have tried to explain to her—because there are in Hollywood more than three hundred registered and qualified correspondents, not to mention dozens of gossip stooges and radio commentators constantly on the prowl for a juicy bit. In a city where there are more reporters than stars, naturally a glamor girl doesn't stand much chance of escaping notice. The simplest thing she does is nation-wide news. If she hides away in her home all the time and refuses to see interviewers then she is accused of "doing a Garbo" and the press, annoyed at being spurned, simply has a lovely time tossing out a lot of suppositions.

Because—Hollywood has further tried to explain to Simone—because American fans, unlike European fans, have an insatiable curiosity about the private lives of their movie stars. When women are gathered together at sewing circles, tea parties, and beauty shoppes, they don't discuss the New Deal and the Gold Standard; no indeed, they discuss Carole Lombard and whether or not Mrs. Gable will ever give Clark his divorce so they can marry. American fans are not content to know that Barbara Stanwyck thinks about her next picture; no indeed, they want to know what Barbara Stanwyck thinks about Robert Taylor. The minute a new star appears in a picture she belongs to her public, body and soul. And you can be sure that the three hundred plus press will see that the body and soul are served to them with the most fascinating trimmings in the due course of time.

This is all very hard for a newcomer to Hollywood to understand. Even the old-timers still get mad. Just the other day May Robson heard one of the commentators announce that poor Muzzie May was surrounded by nurses and doctors in the state of dying, while as a matter of fact she was quite chipper in another room of N. B. C. rehearsing for the Chase and Sanborn Hour. Gable has had his death announced in newspapers and over the radio many times—so have Claudette Colbert and others. Stanwyck and Taylor have had their "weddings" and "fallings out" printed and broadcast so many times that they have become bored with it all. You can't blame the press exactly, for after all it is the old law of supply and demand. And you can't blame the fans—if you do you are a dope, for the minute the fans lose interest in you, dear movie star, your goose is cooked.

Simone Simon might as well face it. But when you realize that up until her arrival in Hollywood Simone actually did keep her private life to herself you can understand better how utterly confused she really is. Practically nothing is known of Simone's "past." When questioned by the publicity department she said, "My private life is my own." Completely baffled by Simone, the publicity people then turned to the French newspaper correspondents in Hollywood. But they only added to the Simone mystery. She was a well-known actress in Paris—yes. She was famous for always being well-dressed. But that's all they knew.

And after three years in Hollywood Simone hasn't contributed very much more. Her studio biography says that she was born in 1916 in Marseilles, France, and left that city when she was ten years old to go to Madagascar in French South Africa with her parents. When she appeared against her secretary at a preliminary trial recently it was established, according to a local newspaper, that she was twenty-seven. In June of 1931, while sipping coffee on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix, she was "discovered" by Tourjansky, a European screen director, who persuaded her to take a test for pictures. She appeared in a number of pictures, the most important being "Lac aux Dames," and between pictures made several stage appearances. It was when "Lac aux Dames" was released that she won a picture contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and departed for Hollywood. And that is practically all that is known of Simone's "past." Don't tell me an actress can't have a private life—in Europe.

Unfortunately Simone got off to a false start in Hollywood. When her friends in Paris heard that she had been summoned to the Gold Coast they lost no time in telling her, "You can't make good in Hollywood unless you become very temperamental. Unless you develop temperament you will never get to be more than an average actress. Make a lot of noise and people will notice you. Remember that temperament made great stars out of Pola Negri and Marlene Dietrich, and the lack of it hurt Ketti Gallian. You see, it is doubly necessary for a French artiste to be temperamental."

So Simone made up her mind. It was easy for her to be temperamental. She was already temperamental and Paris loved it. If Hollywood wanted her to be temperamental—well, she could give it to them. That first day in the cinema was a comedy of errors and poor Simone is still trying to live it down, though she is not quite sure what she did that was so wrong. "I was alone, friendless, and badly frightened by a strange language," says Simone, "so naturally I tried to put on a bold front. At eleven o'clock in the morning I am introduced to Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who will decide my future career. We talk polite things for a while, like the weather and my trip to Hollywood, and I want to talk only about my work. So I decide I must lead the conversation and I make certain demands which I did not expect to get and Mr. Zanuck make a big smile.

"'Fine,' he said, 'That is exactly what I was going to suggest for you.'

"Because this was not what I believe he would say I am defeated for the moment.

But I try again. 'I must have a panther,' I say, 'I must be exotic and I like panthers very much. Like the two I had in Madagascar. I want this beautiful animal to walk with me when I go shopping.'

"'Great!' says Mr. Zanuck, 'We will help you get a panther. What kind do you prefer?'

"Then I make up my mind I should put a stop to this fooling. I try to get very haughty, but I am defeated again. I decide that I cannot be crazy in Hollywood because everybody else in Hollywood is crazy. So I stop to think. I shall be very sane—and maybe they will think I am crazy!"

Fully determined to be sane at any price Simone next visited the make-up department where every newcomer to Hollywood must undergo a series of experiments in greasepaint and hair dress. Ernie Westmore, the head of the Westmore dynasty, saw no need for withholding his opinions from this new French addition to his studio's roster. He thought Simone's hair was dressed badly and he proceeded to tell her so while he arranged a new hair-do for her. He explained to her that this new style would give less roundness to her face. This was too much for Simone.

"This face is not pretty," she shrieked, "but it is good enough for me."

Well, before the sun set on Simone's second day in Hollywood it was all over town, and nearly all over the world, that she had demanded panthers for shopping and had insulted the great Ernie Westmore.

Now Simone doesn't care for that philosophy which teaches the pouring of oil on troubled waters. She didn't do that in France, and she couldn't do it in Hollywood. The city of films is more or less geared to conventionalities. The unwritten law imposes restrictions which must be rigidly adhered to. The penalty for a mistake is ostracization and comments in the press and the player who violates this law is a rebel. What the press said about her was as nothing compared with what Hollywood in general said about her. Later on Simone had met Carmel Myers and a few other friendly people who wanted to help her. She learned from them that temperament doesn't really go over very big in Hollywood. Throwing vases, snapping at the press, and slamming doors is considered temper, and not temperament. The top stars, the Myrna Loys, the Claudette Colberts, the Carole Lombards, the Ginger Rogerses aren't temperamental at all. And Simone realized that she was all wrong, and wanted to change, but it was too late—Hollywood and the press had definitely stamped her a rebel. And any kicking about of Simone they could do, they intended to do it.

Badly hurt by the "cracks" taken at her in the newspapers and by the rumors that went around Hollywood following her withdrawal from "Under Two Flags" ("I really was sick," says Simone, "I was in bed for forty-five days. But of course they said it was temperament!")—Simone settled down to a rather quiet life in the Hollywood Hills. She plunged into the study of voice and music with Madame Major, one of the better voice teachers in Hollywood. Life was running smoothly once more, she thought, when one day she discovered that the servants she had been so kind and generous to had been running up bills on her. She moved into Beverly Hills. And whereas history may not repeat itself, the servant problem does—once more her trusted servants who had seemed such nice folksy people disappointed her.

The person who knows Simone better than anyone in Hollywood is Madame Major, her voice teacher, and I am rather pleased to quote from a letter which I received from her. She says, "Simone is one of the most diligent, serious pupils I have ever had. She loves music, takes her singing seriously, and studies with enthusiasm and perseverence. She is very critical and has a keen judgment, but as soon as she recognizes the value of someone she becomes an ardent and loyal believer in that person. I have personally witnessed how kind and generous she has been to the girl who does her hair for a long time. She tries to help everyone who is connected with her in some way and is generous with those who work for her.

"Although she is one hundred per cent French she loves and admires her adopted country. She is grateful for the kindness she has received—for the success she has achieved her. She gives a great many hours of her valuable time to improving her English, and it is her ambition to master the language perfectly."

Sensational publicity in the newspapers brought to public attention the disillusioning chapter of the secretary who "threatened to tell all" about Simone. The secretary once worked in an agency in Hollywood and it was there that Simone, fresh from France, and bewildered by the strange new land, met her; found her very businesslike and efficient, as she did everything to make the little French girl's new life as comfortable and free from annoyance as possible. Simone was delighted with her and employed her as her secretary to look after everything for her. When Simone went to Europe last year she left the secretary in complete charge of her affairs, and immediately upon her arrival in New York, on her return trip, phoned the secretary to meet her there and come home with her. "She had worked so hard for me," said Simone, "I want to give her a nice trip." But it was not until a few months ago that Simone realized what had happened. Then came the sensational newspaper publicity about the "two gold keys" and Hollywood parties. Today Simone is quoted: "I feel sick about the whole thing. I'm terribly sorry. It is such a disappointment and it is all so confusing I don't know what to say."

No wonder this little French star is the most confused person in Hollywood today. She doesn't think that she has done a thing that is wrong. She just can't understand why people should be so interested in her private life that they want to put it in the newspapers. But if she stays in Hollywood long enough, she'll catch on.

Yum-yum! Nothing like a cooling cone after a hard day working on the set, according to Bonita Granville.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

stirring until it spins a thread; combine slowly with stiffly beaten egg whites to which salt has been added. Cool. Add vanilla. Combine with chilled, whipped cream. Pour into the freezing trays and freeze without stirring. This is served with crushed fruit, garnished with whipped cream.

"We sometimes get corn already popped," Ginger told me, "but as a rule we like to pop it by the fire, unless it's too terribly warm. Speaking of popping—when we were building the house, we went in heavily for fire-irons. Mother found some amusing Mexican figures as andirons, one playing a banjo and one an accordion. We had pokers, bellows and so on.

"As a gag, somebody sent us an old-fashioned bed-warmer—this thing on the wall with the long handle. They used to put live coals in the pan and shut it down and then go over the bedsheets to warm them before the sleeper hopped in. It looked interesting, so we hung it up here by the fireplace. One day, Mother and I came in to find my cousin Phyllis Fraser, Anne Shirley, and some of the others popping corn in the bed-warmer! It seems some bright child had announced that it was a corn-popper, and so it became one. It worked and we still use it that way."

The fountain had neat closets filled with glasses and dishes, flavorings, straws and so on. On the shelf behind the pretty operator are two purple cows. "From the Gelett Burgess verses," smiled Ginger. Flowers in this room are always either red or white.

Since the installation of the fountain, the Rogers household has had no dessert that didn't involve its use.

"Ice cream was always my favorite dessert," said the star, "just as fudge was always my favorite candy. Of course, we serve cakes and cookies. There's a very special cake, called Green Tree Layer Cake, that is more than marvelous. And you haven't lived if you haven't tasted a short bread cookie."

GREEN TREE LAYER CAKE

¼ lb. butter
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
3 squares Baker's chocolate
⅓ cup water
⅔ cup milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
2 egg whites (beaten stiff)

Cream the butter and sugar a long time and then add the beaten egg yolks. Melt the chocolate and water in a double boiler; then mix it with the milk and add to the first mixture. Sift the flour (use ordinary bread flour) and baking powder together and beat into the preparation. Add vanilla and lastly, the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Bake in three layers for 15 minutes. Use thin green and thick brown icing between the layers (the green on top) coating the sides with the brown and the top layer with the green, tubing on brown "bark" lines over the green.

FILLING AND ICING

Mix ⅔ square of butter and 2½ cups powdered sugar. Mix well and take out about 1 cup for the green icing.

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"

Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 815 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Green Icing

1 cup butter and sugar
3 tablespoons thin cream or milk
2 drops almond flavoring
½ teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)
Green coloring

Mocha Icing

1½ cups butter and sugar
6 tablespoons Baker's cocoa
½ cup strong coffee
½ teaspoon Burnett's vanilla

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

1 cup Swansdown Cake Flour
½ cup butter
5 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few grains of salt

Blend all the ingredients by hand. Roll thin and cut as desired. Bake at 350 degrees.

"A cake for a very special birthday," observed Ginger, "always looks exciting if you use those tiny silver candies set thickly into the sides. Then when you light the candles, they reflect in the silver and dazzle the guests."

May Robson tends to her knitting—too tenaciously, perhaps, to please her pet pooch, who remains faithfully by her side but just can't stifle a great big yawn.

Mrs. Rogers cut in with a mention of molasses cookies, which should, it seems, be served with peppermint ice cream, and a new Ice Cream Wafer cookie that is a delightful adjunct to orange custard cream.

MOLASSES COOKIES

2½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
¼ " ginger
¼ " cloves
¼ " allspice
½ " cinnamon
2 eggs (well beaten)
½ cup sugar
½ cup molasses (Duff's)
¼ cup Crisco

Sift flour and add soda, salt and spices and sift together three times. Beat eggs well and add the sugar gradually, beating until light and thick; add molasses and blend well, then the Crisco and lastly the flour mixture. Chill, roll and cut (or you can drop them) and bake in an oven at 375 degrees.

ICE CREAM WAFERS

½ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ " flavoring
English walnuts

Blend sugar and shortening thoroughly. Add egg well beaten until velvety. Then add flour, which has been sifted with salt. Beat vigorously. Add flavoring and drop on greased cookie sheet like small marbles, well apart. Put nut meat in center of each cookie and bake 10 or 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

The finished product is a crisp, rich wafer about the color of French ice cream.

ORANGE CUSTARD CREAM

1 pint water
2 cups sugar
1½ cups orange juice
1/16 teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks
1 pint whipping cream
Grated rind of three oranges

Boil water and sugar to thin syrup. Then add the grated rind, orange juice and egg yolks that have been slightly beaten. Allow mixture to cook again for approximately 5 minutes, stirring constantly, being careful not to overcook. Remove from fire and cool. Fold in whipped cream, pour into freezing tray and allow to freeze without stirring.

Some twenty-five steps up the hill above the house is the Rogers swimming pool, with tennis courts and terraces, two well-equipped dressing-rooms, and Ginger's studio. The studio is done in knotty pine with red checked curtains, and is a real workshop. It was here Ginger did the portrait of Irving Berlin, which he liked so much he has twice stolen it, only to have it retrieved by a determined Lela. However, Ginger took pity on him and made him a copy. The Berlin original hangs in the library, where is also a character study of that splendid actress, Maria Ouspenskaya.

Variety—that's Ginger Rogers! Mixing sodas or painting portraits, dancing or acting or singing, using a candid camera or a stick of charcoal.

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says DOROTHY LAMOUR

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

MOST ENDEARING OF ALL THOSE YOUNG CHARMS

Beautiful Eyes

Yours Quickly, Easily

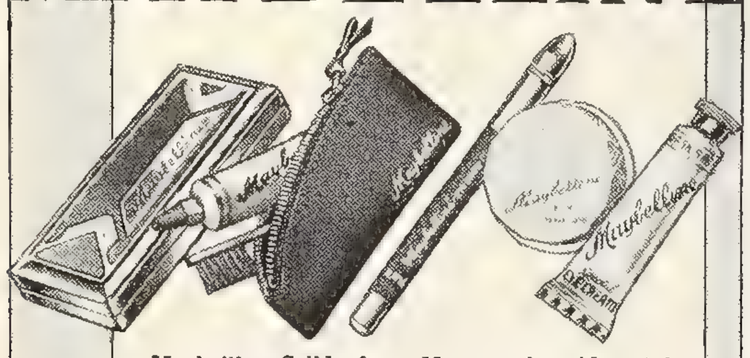
Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how *naturally* dark and luxuriant lashes appear! Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

Liberal introductory sizes at 10c stores. For eye make-up in good taste—*insist* on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

MAYBELLINE



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity 75c. Refills 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case 75c. Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. All in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye Shadow in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Charlie McCarthy Makes a Slave of Bergen

Continued from page 23

Yet unmistakably there it was, fascinating in its suggestion, all but uncanny in its effect.

With this instinctive swaying went an equally suggestive darting of the eyes. It was only when a question required due consideration that Mr. Bergen sat perfectly still. Then he would slightly lower his head over his glass of milk and chicken sandwich and weigh the answer with that concentration which has become a necessity to his work. Even those moments of inaction were brief as a breath, waiting merely on the response of a hair-trigger brain.

After a sip and a bite, this extraordinary individual would be on his feet again, restive and articulate. A sturdy figure, definitely Nordic in the light hue of his hair and the Scandinavian blue of his eye, thanks to Swedish parentage, he stood out above all as an exceedingly facile person. In everything he said and did there was an effortless ease. At the same time, it had about it something of that same illusive detachment, vague aloofness sensed in Charlie and his originator. But something quite new and unsuspected came out in the course of our talk, proving that while Bergen holds Charlie in the hollow of his arm, Charlie holds Bergen in the hollow of his hand.

"Although I am happy with the success which has come after seventeen years, it has made me a slave to Charlie," was his revelation. "This success has come so suddenly, and with it so much work, that I am snowed under. Not that I'm complaining, for I've every reason to be more than grateful, and believe me, I am. But the work has grown to such great proportions that I feel the burden. I haven't a moment I can call my own. Every bit of my time is given up to Charlie. I don't have even Sunday to myself. And now that I'm in pictures I get up at seven o'clock every week-day. But I never get to bed till all hours of the night, for I'm up writing what I need for the shows I'm giving two nights a week at the Cocoanut Grove and doing the script for my Sunday radio broadcast. It means giving up my whole life to Charlie."

It wasn't, I felt sure, that he had fashioned a Frankenstein. But obviously there was no rest for the weary Bergen. He was paying the penalty of fame so heavily that it was inevitable he should feel the strain.

"Making a picture is the biggest strain," he confessed. "Take that breakfast scene you just saw. In it I had to speak my own lines, do Charlie's talking for him, be sure his movements were in character, watch Miss Leeds and Mr. Menjou to see that Charlie reacted properly to what they said and did, and drink coffee. That means a lot more than just being a ventriloquist. I like pictures, but I don't feel there's another in me for at least seven or eight months, for they take too much out of me. Then, too, the lack of an audience makes the work hard, far harder than on the radio, even. With an audience you know right way whether you're funny or not. But in pictures you have to go it blind and know nothing of the results till you see the rushes. If I had only my own part to play it wouldn't be so tough. But doing half a dozen things at the same time makes me realize that Charlie has let me in for a bigger job than I want to tackle right along."

He shook his head reprovingly at his wooden alter ego whose own head, with a slick new haircut now that he was a movie star, popped perkily out of a bag in the corner. Incidentally, that young scamp has three bags *de luxe*, all lined with green velvet in keeping with Bergen's favorite color as well as Charlie's shamrock name. One is for everyday knocking-around, another for sleeper jumps on trains, and the latest for air travel. Pretty soft!

"Getting around used to be an easy matter," sighed Mr. Bergen, "but now that Charlie has made himself widely known in the last year and a half I've had to make myself over. My whole life's changed. In the old days all we had to have was a hotel room. But now I'm obliged to have a house, a butler, a cook, and a chauffeur. And that's only part of it. As I have to meet bankers, lawyers and business men, I'm supposed to know something about the things they do in order to talk intelligently with them. I'm making an awful stab at it, but how can I know about the things they do and the way they do them? For example, tomorrow I've got to go over a big contract for the manufacture of Charlie McCarthy toys, and frankly I don't know any more about it than a rabbit."

No? With all his engaging modesty, Edgar Bergen impressed me as a man of such common sense and general ability that he could make his way in almost any walk of life.

"Things have just *happened* with me," he insisted. "I've had no training of any kind, even as a ventriloquist. So far as that goes, it was just an accident. One day in Decatur, a little town of twelve hundred in Michigan, I called to a boy who was coming toward me and couldn't understand why he turned his head and looked back till he explained he thought someone behind him was calling his name. I was too dumb to realize I had unintentionally thrown my voice. A little later I was in the kitchen giving an imitation of an old man when my mother went to the door and opened it, saying she was sure she'd heard a man's voice outside. That set me to thinking, and I paid a quarter for a book on ventriloquism. But I was more interested in a job I got as fireman in a movie house. Then I was promoted to usher, after which I performed on the player-piano, mostly keeping the soft pedal on 'Hearts and Flowers.' I also gave imitations of birds and animals at church entertainments and got myself nicknamed 'Cuckoo' Bergen. I didn't do anything with ventriloquism till I was sixteen, when we moved back to Chicago, where I was born. At first I did it just for fun. But after a while I got paid for it at clubs, and managed to pay my way through Northwestern University. By that time I had Charlie McCarthy, named after a Chicago newsboy I knew and made by a carpenter from a charcoal drawing I gave him. That's it." He nodded his head at Charlie's. "Since then Charlie has worn out dozens of bodies, but I've never been able to get another head with the same facial characteristics. That's why Charlie carries heavy 'life' insurance. The latest body is made of aluminum—it's lighter. But I work them all the same way, with a stalk which moves the head and a lever on it with a string which waggles the jaw. It's all very simple."

All, perhaps, but the rapier wit which goes with it. But, at reference to this, Mr. Bergen merely remarked: "I've never felt I had any particular wit. It's just that I won't use borrowed jokes. I've never considered myself to have any merit as an author, but I try at least to be honest, so I write my own material, such as it is, then trust Charlie to put it over."

I wondered whether any of those merry quips had ever got him into a jam.

"That *has* happened," he admitted, "but

as a rule only with drunks at night clubs who heckled Charlie. He had a pet remark for them, 'One dummy at a time, please.' That usually stopped them. But for a moment one night the situation looked serious. We'd given a show at a private party at the Hotel Astor in New York and I was coming from the elevator with Charlie wrapped in padding from a mattress and one leg hanging out. The house detective and a policeman stopped me, and one of them demanded, "What's that you've got and where are you going with it?' They suspected me of kidnapping a child! Then there was that first time we went to Paris and were held up by customs officials. They didn't know what duty to charge for a dummy, and it began to look as though we wouldn't be able to get by. Then Charlie began kidding them in French. That started them laughing, and we went in free."

Mr. Bergen didn't laugh himself, just smiled indulgently. "For the twelve years we were in vaudeville nobody paid any particular attention to us. We were never a headline attraction, just an act stuck in anywhere on the bill. That suited me all right, as from the first I had never gone broke. But as it got cheaper and cheaper with six shows a day, I welcomed the death of vaudeville. Night clubs offered easier work.

As for the great change in his fortunes, now that he is thirty-five, Mr. Bergen said: "I suppose Noel Coward was responsible for it. When he went to an Elsa Maxwell party in New York where I was one of the performers he was good enough to say I had struck a new note in comedy which was bound to be immensely popular. All I can say is that I didn't in the least share his discerning foresight. But it was Coward's kindly enthusiasm that got me on the Rudy Vallee hour in radio, and that changed everything for me. I've been amazed at what has happened since; I still am! I'm surprised whenever I see my name in a newspaper column, and was deeply impressed when a letter addressed to 'Edgar Bergen, Hollywood,' reached me. I just can't get used to these things. Some of them worry me. For one, I don't like to see Charlie made a national figure. All this sudden prominence scares me. I don't think it's good for him. After all, Charlie's just a prankish child, taken as an ideal by children, and I want to keep him that and nothing more. I like to have the public think of him as eleven years old. I don't want him to be known for his wisecracking, but to be accepted in spite of it. Of course, any fault in that direction rests with me. Perhaps I have led him to express a philosophy, also to speak of travels and romances, beyond his years, although he has travelled everywhere from Iceland to France. But to me he has always been something like a dog around the house. I'm very sentimental about him, and feel it's belittling to speak of him as a dummy. For the same reason I dislike having others touch him. I suppose it's because of our long association——"

A summoning assistant director stood in the doorway. "Go on, Bergen," ordered Charlie, "back to the mines!" And back went Charlie's faithful slave.

Director John Stahl, Andrea Leeds, George Murphy, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

AW, MOM...I ONLY TOLD HIM HE HAS BAD BREATH!

BUT JIMMIE—*TELL* MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU *DO* SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?

WELL, AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH —*SO I TOLD HIM!*

MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.** ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAM'S EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!

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Hollywood Goes Hayseed

Continued from page 32

eagerness Carole watched the mails for her first Course. She sharpened a lot of pencils, bought several notebooks and a drawing board, and on the third day when the postman brought only bills and invitations and suggestions for spending her money Carole sat down and wrote herself an alma mater song entitled "Terra Firma I Love You" in which she rhymed "soil" with "boil," "you must" with "humus," and "pollinate" with "how I ate." Fieldsie tells me that I have never heard anything quite so horrible as Carole gaily singing ten verses of "Terra Firma I Love You" at eight o'clock in the morning. (Carole is the only movie star I know who gets up early when she doesn't have to—it's probably because she doesn't want to miss anything.) "But with such gaiety," Fieldsie added, "that even though I feel as sour as those lemons Carole expects to raise, I have to laugh."

On the fifth day, much to everyone's relief, the bulletins she had sent for began to arrive, containing all the personal and most revolting details concerning the private lives of cows and chickens and the avocado. Also, came a map. A big, beautiful colored map of California with the different agricultural sections of the state marked off and numbered. All the numbers were then indexed at the bottom of the map where the California Farm Bureau was most pleased to tell you what kind of soil was on your land and what you could raise there. "'The state of California,'" Carole read with zest, "'contains nearly 100,000,000 acres, of which some 30,400,000 acres, or 30.4 per cent, are in farms.' Isn't it exciting! Now let's see, where is my land? Here it is—number 45. What does it say, what does it say?" Landowner Lombard had her first big disappointment. It seems that she had bought ten acres in a section where *nothing* could be grown!

"It just serves me right," she said later when she had recovered from the shock. "I shouldn't have bought a foot of land until I had taken my correspondence course." So she drove out to the Valley again and this time bought twenty-two acres in the Reseda section which the California Farm Bureau assured her on its beautiful map would be most productive.

Clark Gable returned from his hunting trip in Mexico that day and was greeted with Bulletin 599 which says, "The term 'soil-type' as used in the soil survey reports implies a soil which throughout the full extent of its occurrence has relatively uniform texture of the surface soil and relatively uniform profile characteristics."

"So what," said Clark with a shrug. "So you don't know what it means. So come on, let's go to the Derby and have dinner. The only profile you know is John Barrymore's and as for 'soiled-types'—there are plenty of those around Hollywood."

All would have been well at dinner, no doubt, if Clark hadn't ordered an omelet. That reminded Carole of her farm. "I shall have plenty of chickens," she said dreamily, "with dozens of fresh eggs daily. Did you know that hens had batteries? It says so right here in this bulletin. Wait a minute, I'll read you about it. Here it is, it says: '*Hen Batteries.* It is estimated that the installation of hen batteries will increase the cost of housing at least fifty cents a bird. However, small units of battery cages may prove useful for broody hens.' Now what is a *broody* hen? Now I ask you, *what* has a hen got to brood about?"

Georgie Jessel from the next booth shouted, "A rooster." Carole shouted back, "You should have your mind washed." Clark decided that an omelet wasn't so good after all when you came to think about a poor hen, brooding her heart out, having to lay it. So they forgot agriculture for a while and drove to the drive-in-theatre.

On Thursday a burglar arrived and carted off the Lombard jewels, but didn't touch a single precious Bulletin. On Friday an architect arrived with plans for the new farmhouse and Carole was in seventh heaven. It will be a very small frame house, very folksy, and there won't be guests rooms, I might mention in passing just in case any of Miss Lombard's friends are planning a pleasant old age in the San Fernando Valley. The house will be surrounded by an orange grove, a lemon grove, and perhaps olives and avocadoes. There'll be a vegetable garden with plenty of home-raised fresh vegetables with the correct number of vitamins. There will be a few chickens, a few cows, and a few horses. And Carole is determined that it will pay for itself. That's why she is taking the correspondence course.

Well, the first course in the correspondence course finally got there, and Carole discovered that it concerned the classification and varieties of citrus fruits. She could almost taste her first oranges, sunkissed and handpicked, as she read on and on through pages and pages of citrus. She drew herself an orange grove on her drawing board—her friends' comments regarding it were most unflattering—and she looked up all the botanical words in the dictionary—well, most of them. Relations in citrus fruits she discovered are almost as difficult as human relations. She sat up all night boning, and the next morning was ready to take her examination.

I was really very proud of Miss Lombard. After all, when you are a great movie star you don't *have* to bother with such horrible things as examinations. And here she was slaving away with pencil and paper when she could be doing something pleasant like playing tennis, or buying clothes, or signing autographs. I was sure she would graduate *cum laude* from the Agricultural Extension Service. But what questions!

1. Give in outline form the seven horticultural groups listed under the genus, *Citrus.*
2. Which breeds true (a) Species (b) Hybrids?
3. What is a Trifoliate Orange?

Now I ask you, can *you* answer these questions? Well, neither can I. And, if you must know, neither can Miss Lombard. I'm afraid she flunked her citrus.

Another Clark Gable follower! The star and his pet mount, Sonny.

A Date with Nelson Eddy

Continued from page 21

catch up with me and give my address out to any and all, along with other stars' addresses, and then the tourists pour in. Some of them just drive by, others stand out in front and stare, and still more come up and ring the door bell. So can you blame me?"

I decided I couldn't. After all Nelson is a very charming person, and his sincerity is so evident in all that he says and does, that one knows he believes his motive is right—and so one agrees with him. Nelson is very tall, a little over six feet, and his hair is a most unusual shade of blond, almost platinum. A close glance refutes any stories that he bleaches it, because his brows and lashes are all the same identical shade—and besides, Nelson wouldn't stand for such "fussing." He was wearing a brown plaid suit with a brown plaid tie with a touch of orange, and looked remarkably well.

The sunshine was so glorious outside that Nelson suggested we walk around the lot and enjoy some of it as we talked. I confided I had a miniature kodak under my arm, and that I'd like a snapshot, a candid one, with him for my album. Nelson agreed, and we looked around for someone to snap us. The first person that came along was a studio plumber, but he obliged and set down his tool kit, and focused Nelson and me.

"Take another one for my album, too," said Nelson after the shutter had clicked. And playfully he placed his arm around my shoulder, making me feel very "MacDonaldish" and we blinked into the rays of sun for a second "take."

A studio secretary joined us and linked her arm with Nelson's and we continued on around the lot. Every few feet we'd stop for some M-G-M employee (female) who'd spy Nelson on his busman's holiday and find some excuse to join us. All in all it was very jolly, and the girls at the studio are on good terms with Nelson. He asked each one some friendly question, and you could see the delight and pleasure shine in their eyes at his personal interest.

The sun which had been high overhead started slipping down behind the ridge of palm trees on the West, and the afternoon was deepening into twilight, one of those soft, tropic, hazy summer nightfalls, that happen only in the southland. Nelson suggested that he drive me home. And of course I accepted.

We slipped out the front gate across the street to the parking station and Nelson handed me into his car. It was the same one that had been standing in front of his house earlier in the day. He laughed—and so did I, understandingly. As we drove over the hills into Beverly and thence down into Hollywood, Nelson sang. His driving repertory included grand opera, songs from his pictures interspersed with swing. I sat front seat to a thousand dollars' worth of concert!

Nelson said I should come to his concert, which was to be held very soon, and one of the opening ones on his tour, and that perhaps afterwards we'd go some place and have some supper—and I replied that I thought "stepping out with Mr. Eddy" would be lots of fun.

One morning at Max Factor's Beauty Salon, a call was relayed from my home.

"I hope you're not under a hair-dryer or something," said a nice masculine voice over the wire.

"Why, it's Nelson Eddy," I exclaimed, and without thinking of the half dozen

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Factor people there by me, who made no effort to conceal their interest. All in all our conversation summed up the date of the concert, and that I was to come and meet Nelson after it was over.

"We'll go to work on you at once, we'll make a new personality out of you, you'll be beautiful!" said the Factors, who were as delighted at having a Nelson Eddy call come to their establishment, as if they hadn't been dealing with motion picture stars for years and years. But their enthusiasm faded when I revealed that my appointment with Mr. Eddy was still some time off.

No one can wear formal evening dress quite like Nelson Eddy. The late O. O. McIntyre once columned: "Nelson Eddy is one of the few who seems at home in evening clothes." With a white carnation in his lapel and his white tie fashioned smoothly on his diamond-studded dress shirt, and the elegant cut of his suit, seldom, if ever, has a handsomer singer appeared on the concert stage. He sang with fervor and sincerity. Theodore Paxton followed with faultless accompaniment. The audience was fascinated. But as most Eddy concerts end, now that he has been, as he says, "Gilded with movie glamor," before the final encore, a general stampede of girl and women fans rushed to the stage for autographs. Nelson took a final bow and under a guard was taken off the stage.

Two ushers came down and escorted me through the crowds back-stage to Nelson's dressing room. Mr. Paxton was there and so was Calvin Franklin, his genial concert manager. Two women whom I recognized as society leaders were talking to Nelson. "But you simply *must* come," one was saying. "I've invited everyone, and the party is in your honor."

I wondered how many thousands of similar invitations Nelson has had to listen to and accept during the years. Being of a gracious nature he probably lets himself in for a lot of entertaining that he doesn't exactly relish. And no matter how well people like parties no one likes them *every* night—and especially being paraded around to meet numerous staring, curious, though admiring people. It's just like liking cake, but having it forced on you—so subsequently tiring of it.

"Do you mind if we go stepping to a party instead?" Nelson consulted me, while the two ladies waited. I told him I didn't mind, but I was quite sure that the younger and more attractive of the women would prefer that he attend their party without bringing a feminine companion. But it was agreed that he bring me along.

Ushers were called to escort the two women out of the dressing room through the milling crowds who were trying to get in through the door. Mr. Franklin turned out the lights and there we sat in the dark, while word was given out that Mr. Eddy had left through a secret doorway. Some believed the announcement, and departed. Others staunchly stood by the door, some hundreds of them, while we sat quietly within, noiseless in the dark.

The minutes ticked away into an hour. We twiddled our thumbs. Nelson was concerned about his waiting hostess at the party. But the crowd waited. Finally it was agreed that Mr. Paxton, Mr. Franklin and myself should go out and announce that Nelson had already left. Exclamations of disappointment greeted us as we came out of the darkened dressing room without Nelson. However, the guard of ushers continued their vigil at the dressing-room door.

Believing that we were going to meet Nelson the crowd followed along with us, out to our waiting car. We drove away, circled the block several times and waited a half block from the concert auditorium in a darkened street. A half hour had passed when we finally saw a long-legged figure taking leaps and bounds in our direction. It was a Nelson, and rounding the corner a few feet behind were a dozen girls in full pursuit.

Mr. Franklin opened the door and pulled in Nelson, who landed head first on all of our laps, and banged it closed just a split second before the more persistent of the pursuers could grab a leg, an arm, or a coatsleeve, anything to detain the fleeing Eddy. But our car, whose motors had been running ready for just such an emergency, was put into gear and we were off.

Nelson, out of breath, sat up and began assembling himself, as it were. His hat was awry, a blond strand of hair was dangling down on his forehead which was wet with beads of perspiration, and his shirt front was all ruffled from strenuous running. After mopping his face with a handkerchief, running a comb through his hair and adjusting his shirt and coat, he again took on the resemblance of the faultlessly groomed man. Only his white carnation was missing. Some woman had grabbed it in his scurry and he ruefully examined his top coat, to find three buttons had been pulled off. That would be discouraging for anyone about to make an appearance at a party.

Just two hours late, we were announced in the drawing room of our hostess. Music and conversation both stopped, while Nelson was taken in complete tow by the two women who introduced him to the other guests. We were late for cocktails, which had been served fully an hour before to precede the buffet supper. We four, headed by Nelson, found the butler's pantry and fixed some ice and gingerale and drank to each other's health. Nelson refers to himself in the third person, "Nelson Eddy," in relating some of his experiences in motion pictures and on tours to entertain us. He was telling us about the time he was in Seattle on tour, how he'd retired, only to be awakened by the telephone ringing in the early morning hours. A feminine voice insisted she was Mrs. Theodore Paxton calling from Los Angeles to talk to Mr. Eddy. So Nelson pretended that he was his accompanist Mr. Paxton, and asked

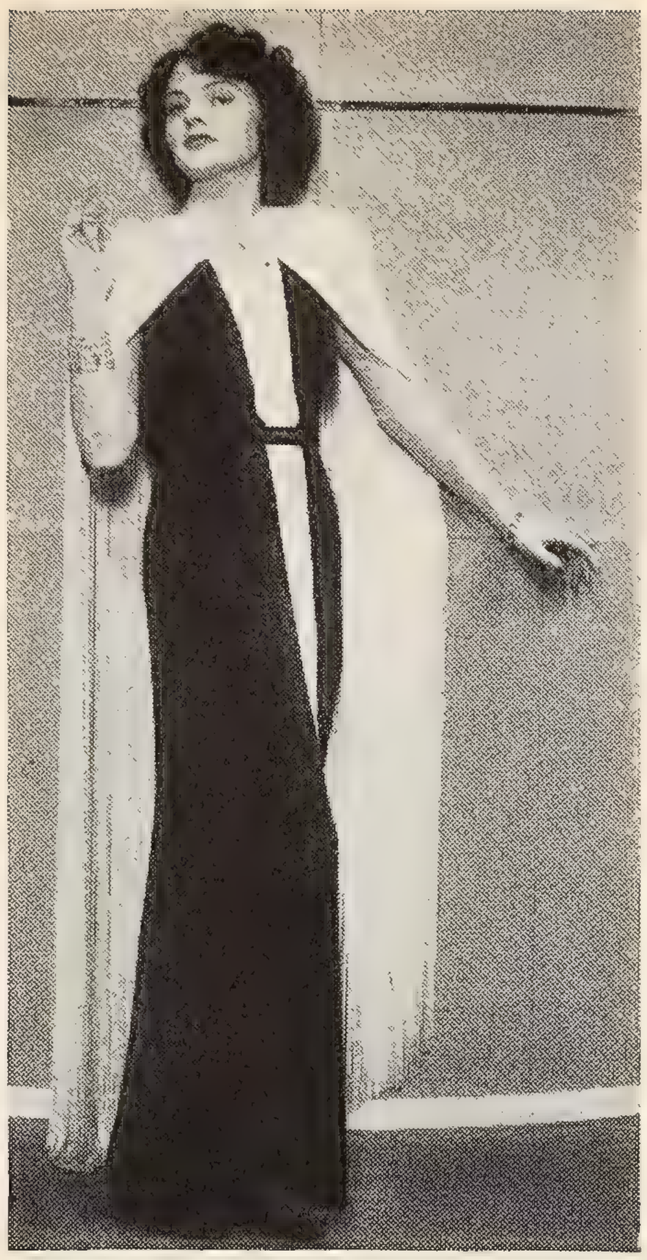
Screen's newest DU BARRY. Gladys George in "Marie Antoinette."

"his wife" what she was calling Mr. Eddy for—when the voice changed and in dulcet tones confided that it was just a ruse, she was a fan in Seattle and she wanted to know how Nelson Eddy's voice sounded when he was just awakened from sleep. "Can you imagine that!" Nelson asked us. "I told her Nelson Eddy was sound asleep and banged up the receiver."

Our hostess returned Nelson to the drawing room and seated him in the midst of an admiring group of girls where he managed to balance his dinner plate and napkin on his knee and answer silly questions by the dozens. No sooner had coffee been served than the hostess offered to sing, and we all listened for the next twenty minutes. Then she asked Nelson to sing (who'd just sung a two hour concert), and of course he was obliged to do so. With many a flourish he started off in grand opera, singing Italian like a veteran, then changing his tempo and with a wink at Theodore Paxton who was accompanying him at the piano, he broke into a "Fred Astaire" and dancing over to a hardwood section of flooring amazed the guests with his versatility and tapping ability. Then again from the ridiculous to the sublime he returned to the piano and sang more opera, this time in French—and concluded with "Wagon Wheels."

Of course everyone insisted he continue, but Nelson firmly and gracefully refused, on the pretense that he was quite worn, and should really take his departure for home.

When the hostess saw that he was about to leave—and by this time the clock on the mantel indicated the hour had advanced to three a. m., she insisted on telling his fortune. And so Nelson was seated at a small table while the lady read his palm, and then told his past, present, and future with cards. Plainly bored, but living the rôle of gentleman in never turning a lady down, Nelson sat another full hour hearing the amateur fortune teller. The moment she had finished, Nelson was up from his chair with a bound and out into the hall where he gathered his coat and hat. Then he returned and with a wave of the hand in farewell, gathered Mr. Franklin and Mr. Paxton and myself—and presto, we were out in the car, homeward bound. Nelson's quick departure was one acquired through years of experience in party-going.



Lilian Bond strikes a new style note in an all-fringe cape.

"If I hadn't grabbed my coat, they'd find excuses to keep us there—and then would come the dawn," Nelson explained as he tried to suppress a yawn. The glamorous star was tired and weary, and could scarcely keep awake, like anyone completely exhausted after a hard day.

When Nelson said goodnight, I noticed a white rose in his lapel—where first had been a white carnation, then none, and now a flower. Noticing my observation he pulled the rose out of the buttonhole and in dramatic fashion held it before him. "Ah, my life is like a white, white rose," he mimicked a-la-Barrymore. "Alas, you are put into my lapel—only to be jerked away by the next fan!"

And he handed the rose to me—"A belated corsage, Madame," he bowed and laughed, and then: "Did you have a good time? I had to sing and everything—ah, the life of poor me."

And with goodnights, Nelson in clowning mood burst into "Farewell Forever! Farewell Forever!" and then changing into "Get Along Little Doggie" with many a flourish of his hat, he returned to his car and was whisked away.

It's unfortunate that some of the writers don't become better acquainted with Nelson—even to "stepping out" with him. Their viewpoints would surely change and their pens would be less vitriolic—because Nelson is really very human, gay, and interesting—and with the exception of that great voice—he himself admits he isn't much of an actor—he's one of us, even though he has been so often misquoted.

Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run."*)

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Even Snakes Have Charm

Continued from page 26

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Marcia Court, Hollywood star whose fame rises from her realistic portrayals of "hard boiled" characters, refuses to play a similar part in the English picture for which she was brought to London. Her manager, Phil Burns, evolves the idea of letting Marcia play the titled English character in the film, hoping her unconscious burlesque of the rôle will make the film a great comedy success. Burns confides his plan to the director, Lawrence Stewart, and Anne Barrett, English actress. Marcia, striving to rise above her background (her real name is Florrie Butch and her father is a gardener whom she provides for but who is sworn to secrecy regarding their relation), induces Stewart, much against his will, to invite several socially prominent Londoners to a dinner she proposes to give after the preview of the film. Marcia has called Phil Burns to see her so she can acquaint him with her plans, as the concluding chapter opens.

Phil and Butch arrived quietly, and stood in the rear by the stairs, unobserved, as they looked upon the gathering. Butch was uneasy but Phil whispered to him to keep up his courage.

Lady Marble held her glass towards Marcia. "A salute to the new rage of London." She sipped her cocktail.

Marcia was enthralled. "That's very dear of you. But I'm afraid you're just flattering me."

"Indeed I'm not. You'll be the new sensation. And I owe you an apology. Your characterizations in your American pictures have always fascinated me by their very hardness, and I've heretofore regarded you as a type. I shouldn't have thought you versatile enough to portray such a contrasting part as *Lady Mary.*"

"An actress must play many parts, Lady Marble," Marcia said with condescending graciousness.

Lady Marble hit back with a gentle smile. "So she must. But it isn't only your acting which I must commend. It's your generosity in letting Anne Barrett have the colorful, outstanding part—the kind we English have always admired."

Marcia was stunned. "You mean you really like the type of character Anne played?"

"I adore it. We all do. But we've thought no one could do justice to those rôles except you Americans."

"You think the Americans are finer artists than the English?" Marcia asked, feeling betrayed.

"Oh, most decidedly,—in those earthy characterizations."

"Oh!"

"And your permitting Anne to play that type of rôle in your picture, when it is so obviously your forte, is just another mark of the great artist."

"Really, I—" Marcia began weakly.

"Now, now, no pretty modesties, my dear! Of course we realize that if you hadn't been sure of your ability you would never have permitted her to have such a juicy part while you took a colorless rôle."

"Colorless!"

"In any hands but yours," Lady Marble assured her hastily, "the part of *Lady Mary* would have been extremely boring. But you acquitted yourself gloriously while giving Anne the chance to break through and show what a really fine actress she is."

"Wasn't she splendid?" Marcia murmured faintly.

"She was utterly charming. And you were very brave indeed this evening to lay yourself open to criticism, in playing *Lady Mary* in such delightfully absurd fashion!"

It was a question as to whether Lady Marble was being serious or subtly insulting. However, Marcia had begun to feel that she was being led to the chopping block.

"I mean, of course, that it was *charmingly* absurd," Lady Marble said in her most soothing voice. "And what a triumph for you. I've always been an ardent admirer of your work, my dear. But when I heard you were to play an English gentlewoman—well, I'll admit it was something of a shock to me. I just couldn't reconcile it with the personality I'd seen in those rowdy American rôles. But of course I didn't understand it was to be burlesque."

"Burlesque!" The word hissed through Marcia's tight lips.

Lady Marble recoiled in sudden shock. "You can't mean you were playing the

Time out from "Holiday." Director George Cukor entertains Katharine Hepburn, Lew Ayres, Henry Kolker, Doris Nolan and Cary Grant with an anecdote.

part straight—that *Lady Mary* in the picture was your conception of a true English gentlewoman!"

Marcia couldn't face it. "N-o-o, of course not; it was only meant to be funny."

Lady Marble breathed a sigh of relief. "It was—screamingly; and it was such a perfectly devastating idea, having an English woman caricaturing an American parvenu and an American woman caricaturing an English lady, in the same picture. Whoever thought of that was a genius! But, my dear, you must have hesitated at such an undertaking."

"No," Marcia spoke in a strange voice, "I was eager to play *Lady Mary*."

"What courage you have, and how delicately you handled it! But I shudder to think of how horribly commonplace that characterization would have been in less skilled hands than yours."

"Thank you!" Marcia breathed tensely.

"However, you carried it off so exquisitely that it didn't seem as if you were acting at all, but as if you were a person of no background whatever who was making herself ridiculous by trying to be something she could never achieve. And that, my dear Miss Court, is the ultimate in acting."

Marcia's suffering was evident. "You really think it was fine—acting?"

"It was superb! In fact, the characterization was so finely drawn that at first Lord Marble and I had an argument—he insisting that you were playing the rôle straight. There was a time, about two-thirds of the way through the picture, when you became almost convincingly a lady—to anyone but a lady—but toward the latter part of the story you once more slipped into your delightfully gauche characterization."

"But I didn't disappoint you?" Marcia asked, ironically reproachful.

"My dear, no! At the finish you were even more amusingly ridiculous than in the beginning, as if you suddenly realized you were toning down your burlesque." She glanced at Marcia with quick concern. "I hope you understand just what I'm trying to say."

Marcia's anger vanished swiftly, as, with a faint smile, she regained poise and took command of the situation. "Yes, Lady Marble, I've understood for some time, very clearly, things I've never understood before. But I'm afraid you're giving too much of the credit for my amusing performance to me, when it is really due to the combined genius of Mr. Lawrence Stewart, my director, and to the able assistance of my business manager, Mr. Phil Burns, not to mention Miss Anne Barrett, who wrote most of the story."

"How generous of you," purred Lady Marble. "But where is this Mr. Burns? I've heard so much of him from Anne that I'd so like to meet him."

"You must," Marcia said with a little smile. "He's an astute judge of character. In fact, he has the uncanny faculty of understanding others much better than they understand themselves. And he's always so full of delightful surprises."

"How interesting. Will he be here tonight?"

Marcia turned casually toward Phil and Butch in a way which revealed she had known for some time that they were there.

"He's here now, with one of his very nicest surprises. He has brought my father all the way from Hollywood to be present on the eve of my greatest triumph. Phil, you and father must come down here and meet the guests."

Phil and Butch exchanged a look. Butch was ready to flee. But Phil was admirably composed as he urged the older man into the drawing room. Marcia went to meet them, kissing her father. "I'm so glad you've come, darling. How are you feeling?"

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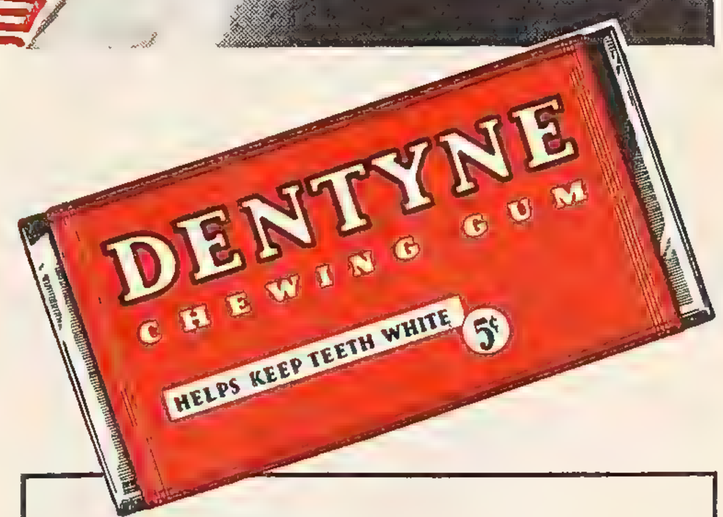

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"I was never happier in my whole life." She patted his cheek. "You sweet old thing." She turned to Phil. "I've been wondering how you ever induced him to come all the way to London just to attend my party?"

Phil gave Marcia a confiding smile. "I took the liberty of sending him a cable and signing your name."

"You did!" Marcia's eyes flashed anger for a brief moment, then she gave Phil a special smile. "You always were the most considerate person."

"Thank you," Phil bowed.

Marcia turned to her guests. "I'd like to present my manager, Mr. Phil Burns, and my father, Mr. Joe Butch. Of course you realize that Marcia Court is only a screen name—I was christened Florrie Butch. And now I shan't bother you with individual introductions as it's growing late and I think it's time for us to go in to supper."

But Lady Marble stepped forward, gamely and graciously. "Nevertheless I shall first insist upon taking Mr. Butch by the hand and congratulating him upon being the father of such a charming and accomplished actress." She glowed upon Butch as she took his hand. "I know how proud you are of a daughter who is so clever and resourceful. However," with a secret smile for Marcia, "it must be trying to live with a person as subtle as she. How can you ever tell when she is being serious?"

Marcia favored Lady Marble with her best Mona Lisa. "How can anyone *ever* tell when an actress is being serious?"

"Even the actress," Phil supplied gently.

Marcia shot Phil a quick look, then her manner softened as she turned to Butch with a warm smile as she said, graciously sweet, "Father."

"You are just like your mother," he said softly.

Marcia gave him a rare smile. The butler opened the double doors to the dining room. Marcia and Butch started forward as Phil stepped quickly to her free side. "May I?" he asked.

As Phil offered his arm, Marcia looked at him with complete understanding, her eyes luminous. She took his arm and with her two dinner partners started for the dining room. As they passed Anne, Phil grinned and winked at her. Anne smiled and glanced happily at Stewart. He offered his arm and they followed in Marcia's train, the distinguished guests closing in behind them. And Marcia, as she went through the doorway on the arms of her gallant knights was, somehow, the greatest lady of them all.

(The End)

Winning smile! It won Helen Parrish, above, her film contract.

Baby Snooks Tells Her Age

Continued from page 59

Snooks. Now where were we, Mr. Holland? (She beams triumphantly) That's the first time I've remembered a name in months.

Me: We were talking about Baby Snooks' first stage appearance.

Fanny: Oh, yes. Well—(With a gnashing of my teeth, I heard the phone ring—again. I tried hard to appear nonchalant. I knew I must be calm. But if that phone rang again!—Oh well, Holland, take out a cigarette and smoke yourself into a coma.)

Fanny: (on way to phone) Just go right on asking me questions.

Me: (agreeably now) All right. Now—

Fanny: (On phone) Yeah . . . All right When am I going to see you? . . .

Me: As I was saying—

Phil: (to friend) Think the script's ok? . . .

Fanny: (on phone) All right. . . .

Me: As I was saying—(Oh, what's the use? No one's listening to me anyway)

Fanny: (still on phone) See you later then. (Hangs up and returns to her seat.)

Fanny: (smiling broadly) Phil, that's an old friend of mine just in from New York. I haven't seen him for months and months.

Phil: About this script, Fanny—

Me: (clearing my throat) As I was saying—

Fanny: Oh, yes. Sorry to keep you waiting. (pause) Where did we leave off?

Me: Baby Snooks on—

Fanny: That's it. You see, in Snooks' case, we merely use child psychology. Nothing is said that an ordinary child wouldn't say.

Phil: (rapidly and loudly) And often we have to throw out a good gag, just—

Fanny: (interrupting and louder. Both are genuinely excited now, and I'm practically insane. Either I don't get any stories, or when I do they come so fast I can't write them down fast enough. Fanny continuing) Just to preserve the character. Even though we know the gag may bring a laugh.

Me: (Silence. I'm writing too madly to talk. Gee! Wish I knew shorthand!)

Fanny: We get a lot of letters from mothers suggesting gags to use that their own children have said. Some we can use, but most of them are only funny to their mothers. And, anyway, we must only use stories that will fit a certain situation.

Phil: That's it! You see, we never try to explain *why* to any question of Snooks'. We merely say *because*.

Fanny: Often, though, Snooks becomes so inquisitive, that we start to explain. Then we're lost—as is her exasperated father. (With a sly grin) Never try to tell a child a building is tall because an architect made it that way. Just say *because*. If you don't, you'll find yourself explaining what an architect is, and you're apt to wind up describing a brick before you're through.

Me: (After a near collapse from writer's cramp) Is Baby Snooks—

Voice: (from back of me) Hello, Fanny!

Fanny: Hello!

Voice: Meet my mother-in-law, Fanny.

Fanny: How do you do. (To the new arrival) Did you bring back the sweaters and coat from Mexico for me?

Voice: Yep—here they are! (What was this? The Grand Central Terminal? But who was this new arrival? I recognized her voice and her face. But who was she?)

Fanny: Oh, pardon me—Miss Hovick—, Mr.—

Me: Holland. (So this was Louise (Gypsy

Hollywood's version of the coolie hat—modeled by Evalyn Knapp.

Rose Lee) Hovick. Now after a few minutes in Fanny's home, I realized why she couldn't remember names. It'd be like asking a train announcer in a depot to remember the name of each person who passed through his gates)

Fanny: (Back to her new clothes) Let's see them! (During the interim while I smiled asininely and tried to be calm, I watched boxes and boxes of clothes being unwrapped. Apparently Louise had just returned from one of her frequent trips to Mexico. During the long period of delighted exclamations over the bargains—yes, even celebrities get excited over bargains—I sighed heavily, lit another cigarette, and did some eavesdropping. It seemed that a big store in Mexico was selling out, and that Louise had practically bought out the place. Fanny's prizes were a beautiful white camel hair polo coat, several cashmere sweaters, and a pair of slacks. Yep, Fanny loves to dress in slacks and a tailored coat. She was thus dressed this afternoon)

Fanny: (abruptly) What size are these slacks?

Louise: 26 waist.

Fanny: Louise, you know I can't wear a 26.

Louise: Why, you can too, Fanny! You wear the same size as I do!

Fanny: Oh yeah! Me—a 26! (definitely) No, I give them away! I couldn't even *squeeze* into them!

Me: Is Baby Snooks—(sounds like a broken record)

Louise: Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize you were being interviewed.

Me: Oh, that's all right. I'm really a nuisance here anyway.

L.'s Mother-in-Law: You know, Miss Brice, I guess I'm one of the few people in captivity who has never heard you on the radio or seen you.

Fanny: (smiling broadly) It does us entertainers good to know we're not as popular as we think. (after a pause) Do you want to come to the broadcast Thursday?

L's. M. in L.: Yes.

Fanny: Fine. Here's some tickets. Every new listener counts! (After several vain attempts to continue the interview, attempts that were always broken into by a new trend of conversation, I sat back and just listened. Finally, Louise and her mother-in-law left. The silence was a shock. I wasn't used to it. So, hesitantly, I began again.)

Me: Do you ever burlesque Baby Snooks?

Fanny: Never. I burlesque my other characters—but never Snooks. She wouldn't be real if I did. I'm very serious about her.

Phil: (No he hadn't left yet. He jumps up) Well, got to go, Fanny. See you later. And I'll work on this script. Goodbye, Mr.—

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS . . . "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her.* For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person.* After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come.* With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

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A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

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Two fine actresses, ladies, and proud mothers! Billie Burke and Fanny Brice, expert comediennes both, chat on the set.

Me: (As a matter of habit) Holland. So long.

Phil: (Almost at the same time with me) Holland. (pause) Hey, I'm not Fanny. I can remember a name! So long. (Exits)

Me: You're surely busy today. (A stupid remark)

Fanny: Just about as usual.

Me: Well, to go on, you say Snooks went on the air first? Were you nervous?

Fanny: Nervous? I was positively petrified! It was about my first time on the air. During the broadcast, I dropped my script. Pages scattered all over the floor. I didn't know what to do. Finally, while the script was being picked up, I *ad libbed* to the radio audience—in the character of Baby Snooks. Then, after I had just about collapsed, I got my script back. Ever since that night, I've dreamt the night before I go on the air that I dropped my script in the middle of a broadcast.

Me: Are you still nervous about broadcasting?

Fanny: Not with Snooks. Because I have real fun doing it. But with every other character, I'm very nervous. My cockney English character is going over well on the air now, though, so I'm losing my fright over it. (She curled up in her chair and continued) I used to be very afraid of censors changing my script at the last moment, but never once did a single line have to be changed in a broadcast of Snooks. Now, the censors never look at my script. They know it'll be perfectly all right. Snooks just wouldn't say anything off color. (Fanny looked up—behind me) Oh, hello, Billy.

Billy: Hello, Mom. (It was Billy Brice, Fanny's son. After a few anxious moments—for I was just beginning to make headway with my interview, he exchanged a few words with Fanny and went into the living room)

Me: What gave you the idea to put Baby Snooks on the stage?

Fanny: Ziegfeld—God bless him—wanted me to do it. I got a lot more laughs out of Baby Snooks on the stage than I must have on the air, because the audience could see the facial expressions. (grinning almost bashfully—no kidding) You know, I get so excited doing Snooks on the air at times, that people tell me I make the most awful faces and that I even twist my dress as Snooks would. (Suddenly from out of the void—the next room, that is—comes the voice of Bing Crosby. I knew Billy's hobby now—he was a devotée of new records, especially those of Bing's and those of swing) Close the door, Billy. (Door closes. Music fades away)

Me: What was your first real memory of your career? (Aside) Hope Fanny doesn't realize I'm pumping her about her start.

Fanny: (Without catching on) I started in show business doing songs at amateur nights.

Me: Amateur nights!

Fanny: Yes, they had them in those days, too. Well, I won the first prize. But then I broke the cardinal rule of all amateurs and decided to dress up in a blue organdy dress with fittings to match. You see, all amateurs wore their street clothes. With pride over my new outfit literally bursting all over me, I came on the stage at the next amateur night. I didn't get to sing a note. They booed me off the stage. From then on, I wore my little sailor suit—and forgot costuming.

Me: Any more reminiscenses?

Fanny: (after a moment) Well, there was the time I was in burlesque. I had a number with a girl who had laryngitis, and I used to sing for her while she mouthed to give the impression that she was singing too. It was supposed to be a duet, you know. I was so thin at that time that I had to wear symmetricals — in other words, tights under tights—to give me even a semblance of a figure. On that fateful evening, the strap of my tights broke, and my figure rolled to my knees. Naturally, I couldn't go on. But the other girl, not knowing about my difficulty, had gone on the stage. There, proudly and innocently, she moved her lips, only to be met with complete silence. That was tragic to me then, but I suppose now it has its funny side.

Me: (laughing) I should say it has! (becoming more serious) Being a comedian, did you ever try to do serious stuff—outside of your famous "My Man," I mean?

Fanny: Yes, I did. And I'll never forget that evening either. I was in the Follies and was playing a court jester. I even had a hunchback. I was supposed to do a lament. When I came on the stage, everyone began

laughing at me. They thought I was going to be funny again. I didn't know what to do for a while. Finally, I went out by the footlights and merely stared at the audience. Slowly the laughs died away and they knew they weren't supposed to laugh. I then went back and did the scene.

Me: How did you ever happen to do "My Man" in a show then?

Fanny: Like all comedians, I wanted to try some heavy drama. I kept waiting for my chance, and finally Flo Ziegfeld asked me to do the ballad. Naturally, I was afraid they might laugh at me, but I was too anxious for the chance. I needn't tell you the rest of the story. (Thoughtfully) You know, it's a funny thing, but people who make people laugh hate to be laughed at. (I was practically in paradise, for I hadn't been interrupted for the last five minutes—that is, outside of a few hurried phone calls.)

Me: Fanny, how do you like pictures?

Fanny: Fine! I know so little about pictures, though. On the stage, the audience directs your every move, but that camera doesn't help you out a bit. I want to learn all I can about this business—technique and everything.

Me: Well, I thought you were swell in "Everybody Sing"—and I bet Ziegfeld would have stood up and cheered you.

Fanny: Maybe. But I know Flo would have felt that way I did when I saw the picture. A lot more could have been done with my part. There were plenty of rough edges I'd like to have gone up there on that screen and improved on.

Voice: (again from behind me) Hello, Fanny!

Another Voice: (From same position) Hello, Fanny. Got the job at the studio. Thanks a lot!

Fanny: That's fine! (To me) A young kid I helped get a job—sort of.

Me: (To myself) Are there secret entrances into this place or is this Hollywood Boulevard? (To Fanny) Well, you've been a fairy godmother to that fellow, I bet, and you've told me a great deal. Sort of makes you godmother to both of us. One more question, though—what are your plans for the future? Do you intend to stay here in pictures?

Fanny: I should say so! I'll stay here as long as they want me. I'm signed with M-G-M now, you know. Why, even though I'm working hard, I feel as though I'm on a vacation here. I'm always having a good time.

Me: You're not going back to the stage then?

Fanny: I haven't the fever yet.

Me: Well, thanks a lot, Fanny. It's been swell seeing you! (Getting my hat) I'd like to stay longer, but I know you're busy.

Fanny: Yes—sort of. (Going towards hall with me) Sorry we had so many interruptions.

Me: Oh, that's all right.

Fanny: You know, I'm glad you didn't ask me how I got my start. I hate to reminisce. It's a sign of age.

Me: (guiltily) Yes—. Well—good luck, and see you later.

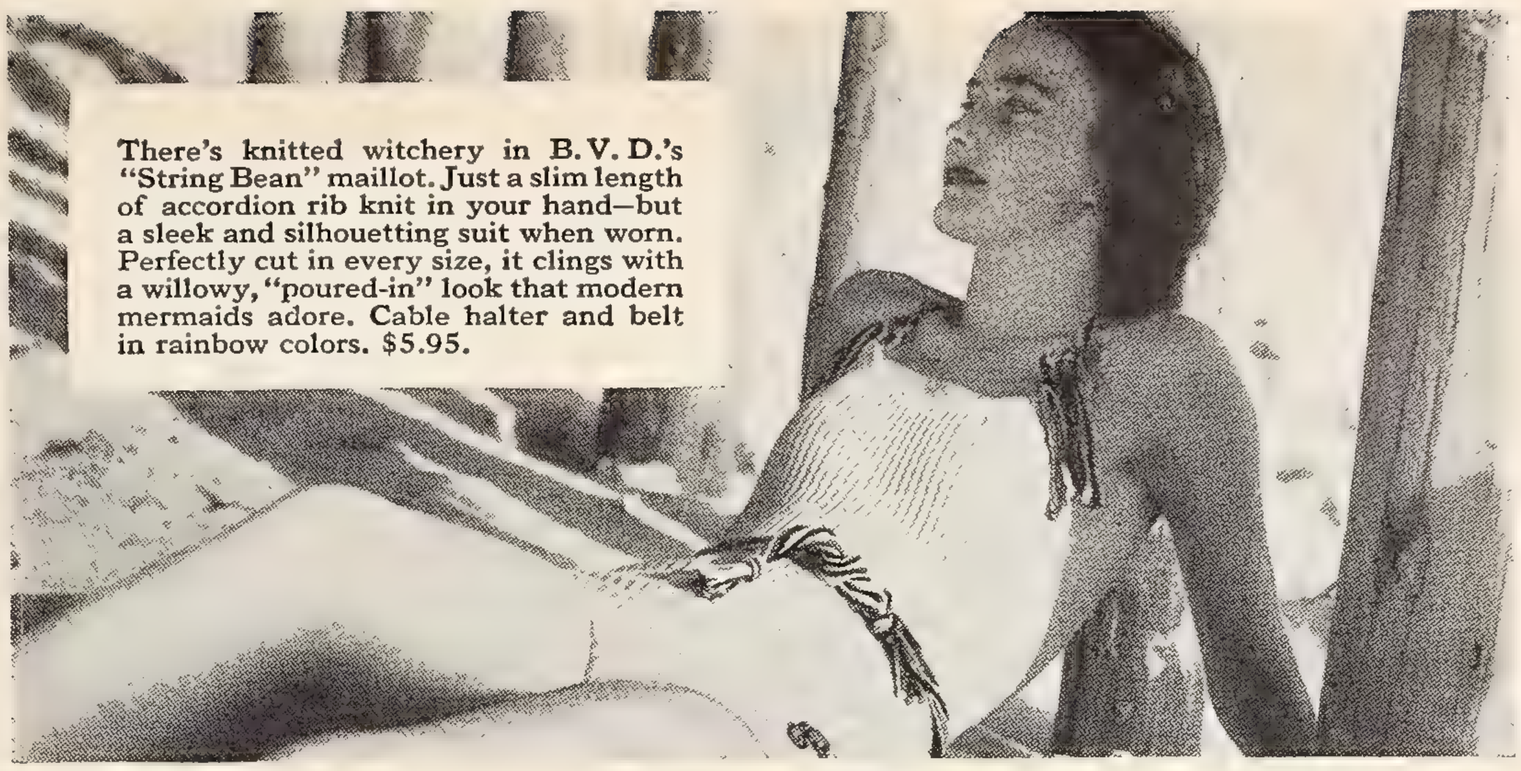
Fanny: Can you find your way out all right?

Me: Yes. And let me say again I envy you the color in your life.

Fanny: Color? It's just one busy day after another. You never think of it as color. Goodbye and thanks for calling.

(I found my way out. But with extreme caution, I opened the door. I was afraid I might be run over by another load of Fanny's friends who might just be "dropping in." So I got in my car and drove off, with the "Reminiscenses of Fanny Brice," a real trouper and a swell person, carefully tucked away in my pocket.)

CURTAIN



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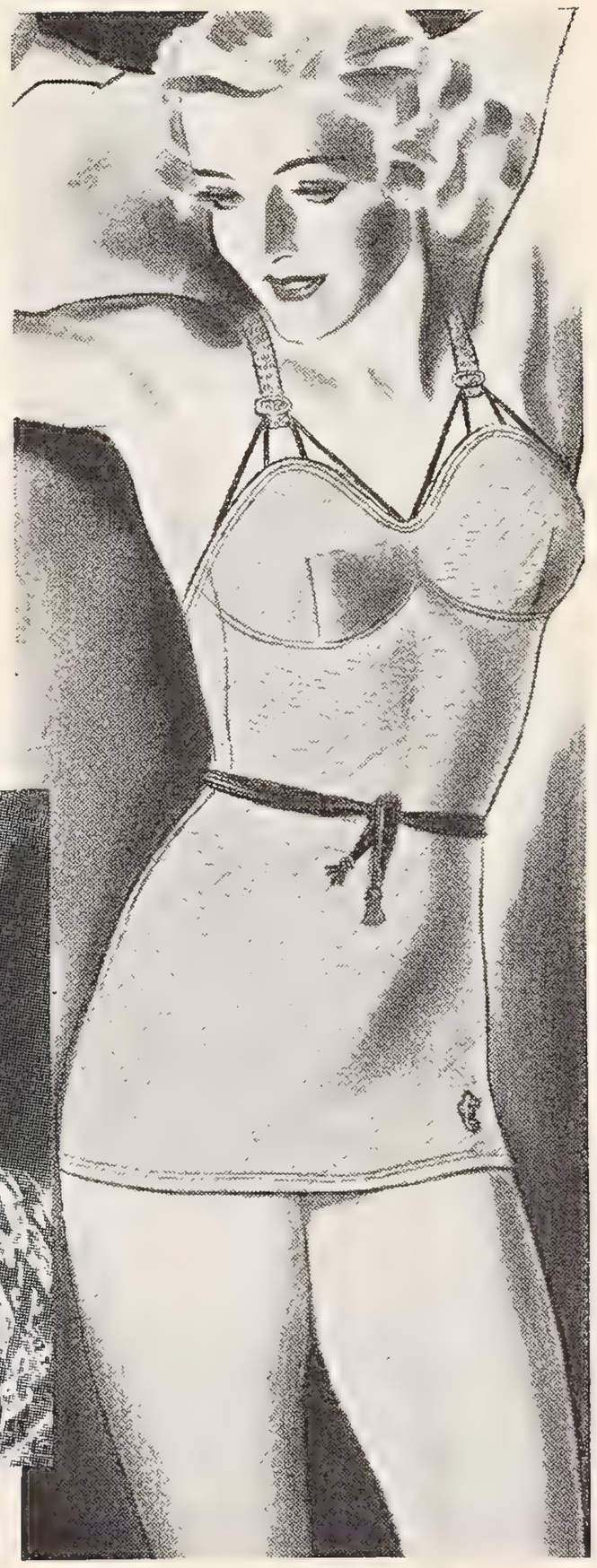

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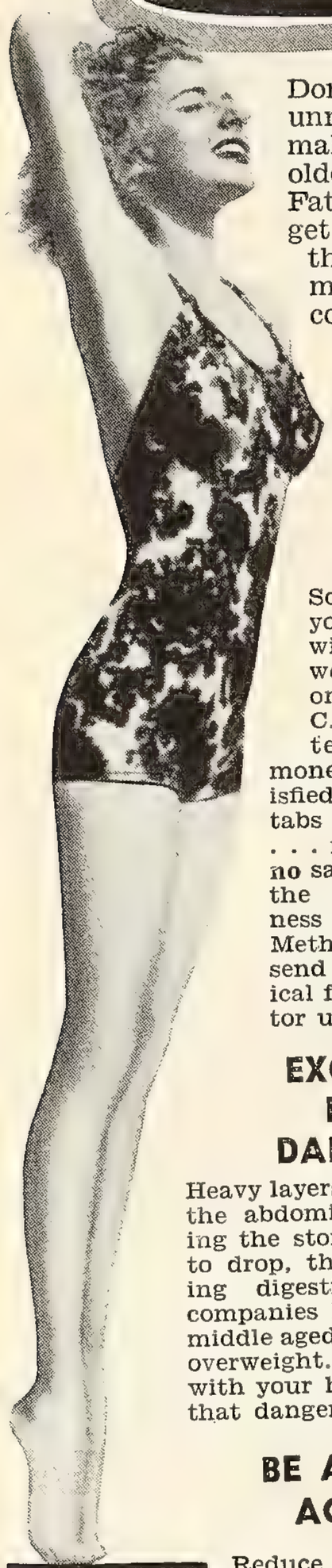

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The Ups and Downs of Hair

Continued from page 77

lock of a child's hair. Brush this hair forward and curl the ends. The way you curl it will give you a variety of arrangements. You may want to curl that hair under, giving a tailored pompadour effect. This is good for a high forehead. Or you may brush loose curls up, just above the forehead, in the old Lily Langtry manner. The first looks trim; the second, frou-frou but nice. Ann Sheridan, pictured, has another version. An hour before a date, Ann dampens this front hair with a light wave lotion or warm water, separates it into small strands, makes a pin curl by twisting several times about her fingers, pins down very flat and tight. Meanwhile, she bathes and dresses. When dry, she combs out in loose top curls. Pin curls have always been popular with the younger stars. Time and again, I've seen them busy in dressing-rooms pinning in these little curls, later to have a soft, lovely effect. You can make them anywhere on your head if you have the patience.

The modified upward trend is becoming to the mature face, especially with forehead curls. If the back hair is swirled, the ends a soft halo of curls, circling upward toward the front, half covering the ears, the effect is generally smart and youthful. The mature face should never wear hair too low or too full at the sides. This line seems to accent age.

Tone, texture, and sheen are still the measuring rods for hair beauty, and they lead us right back to good hair care. There are too many good hair products today to excuse any of us from anything but lovely hair. Modern shampoos come in many forms, for dry or oily hair. Many good rinses, or ingredients combined in the shampoos, add a glint of sunshine and sheen without in the least altering natural color. Blondes keep blonde in sane ways. The straw blonde is going, the platinum gone. Hollywood helped this by putting the natural or ash blonde on the screen. Hollywood gives plenty of hair helps, good styles and good hair, with the sole aim of making and keeping its stars alluring.

"Do stars have beautiful hair? What about Carole Lombard's?" Many ask these questions. Yes, they do. Stars must, or they wouldn't photograph well. Carole's hair is all you hope, and more—a blonde that is really blonde. Discounting the best in the way of hairdressers, the stars depend upon the simple means available to us. A good shampoo, soap or soapless base, according to needs and personal preference. A corrective tonic when hair misbehaves, becomes too oily, dry or scalp annoyances set in. A brightening, softening rinse for more sheen and a glint more of color. Hot oil treatments before and after permanents—and most certainly after an outdoor summer. And—emphasis on brushing, for beauty lies that way. If you'd really brush and make it a daily habit, most hair worries would disappear. Real brushing, vigorous, sweeping, with a clean brush, gives a beauty that nothing else can touch. The stars know this and every one is a brusher. Join the brush brigade. Take sensible care of your hair. Experiment with new hair-dos, but never sacrifice your face to a coiffure merely because it is new and smart. Instead, make the coiffure fit you. For hair still is, as it was in the beginning and ever will be, your very own crowning glory!

Style hint from pretty Jacqueline Wells—hat of chartreuse baku bound around with a magenta chenille veil.

Freddie, the Candid Kid

Continued from page 69

showed him how to start the engine, and so on. He was so excited he didn't know what to do. 'Oh, Cissie, do get in and let me show you all the gadgets!' he cried. I got in; they slammed the door, and we were off!

"I scarcely breathed until we came down again. But I don't like flying. Of course, once up, Freddie had to go again. I go with him. If we die, we die together. Nowadays, Freddie is at the controls part of the time, while I sit, stiff with terror behind him. He says: 'Cissie pretends to be afraid but whenever I look back, there she is, enjoying herself!' "

By this time, we had opened an envelope full of newly printed Leica snaps fresh from the Bartholomew film, but blown to 4 by 5.

"The best of those are the ones I took on the battleship," contributed Freddie, edging into the discussion, "but they aren't as good as they might have been. I should have arranged things so that the sailors were silhouetted against the sunlit water, in the wigwagging shots. Then they might have been worth enlarging.

"Look at this one, when the white boat is against the dark water. That wouldn't be so bad, only it isn't framed right. Same with the little boats bobbing about below the ship. I shouldn't have had the umbrella top in it. Maybe something that suggests a battleship could have been included to show I was shooting down.

"I like the composition in this shot of the bell on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania—that's the ship we were on—but I don't know that it adds anything to have the man's head down there in the corner. To tell the truth, I didn't happen to see him when I took it. This one of the three cannon isn't too bad.

"I don't use filters. And I haven't a light meter yet. I may get a meter in time, but I believe you can rely on gadgets *too* much, and so never really learn your trade. A man with a bad foot has to leave off his stick *some* time, or he'll never walk. There may be some advantage to filters, but I'm not far enough along yet to bother with them. I want to know what I'm doing about focus and framing and composition first.

"Here's a picture of the little plane Reginald Denny gave me, set out in front of our house. It's a poor shot, because there's no contrast and the plane isn't the

center of importance, as it should be."

With a little shout, he picked up another print, his eyes dancing in almost their old fashion. "I'd forgotten this! I tried to take a picture of my own shadow—see? Evidently all wrong, because the grass is quite white, but you can gather what it is. It's a freak shot. I enjoy freak shots!"

He glanced over the shots again and observed that they had had a most interesting time on the battleship. They had visited the admiral—Admiral Claude C. Bloch—and he had let them see everything. It was *most* interesting. But no—definitely NO—he wasn't going into the navy—anybody's navy. He had "other plans." The "shut look" came back into his face, and he reached for more pictures.

"They say you can't get cloud effects without a filter," he said, presently. "But there are lots of clouds in these shots of our house. And I hadn't a filter—I wasn't even *looking* for clouds. All I wanted was a picture of our house—and I had to take four different shots to get it all in! The shadows aren't bad. The difficulty was that the building is so long, you have to take it in sections!"

Freddie isn't particularly interested in photographing people. He'd rather take pictures of animals, boats, planes or "something happening."

"The trouble is you are never ready when you need to get an action shot," he pointed out. "And animals are so quick. I have two dogs—Conkle and Toby—but they won't stand still. Here's a shot of Conkle just tunneling under the fence, and one of them wading in the mud."

Other camera fiends may be thwarted artists, but not Freddie. "I don't believe Freddie ever drew anything in his life," confided his aunt, when Freddie had been called back to the set. "Or at any rate nothing that could be recognized. He often draws up plans for something he intends to make in carpentry, and shows it to me and says: 'Look, I'm going to make this!' And I look, and wonder what on earth it can be. But it always seems to turn out all right, although I have to be told what the plans represent. He's really quite good at carpentry, so he evidently reads his own blueprints."

Three years ago, Freddie would have run after me to tell me another gorgeous joke on Cissie. Today, he bowed slightly, and unsmilingly, from the set. Politely. He's a gentleman, but a reserved one.

Hidden Glamor

Continued from page 51

marriage that was later dissolved in the divorce courts.

The picture made, and well-praised, Fanchon Royer went about selling it to distributors. She was interested in impressing one film man in particular. It was he who told her in the lobby of the theatre: "I know they liked your picture—but an independent producer doesn't have to worry so much about that, as about getting something into the film that will make it a box office attraction."

From that time on, Fanchon Royer has stuck to the "exploitation pictures" as they're called in the trade. As a producer she can tell you down to the last dime how much a picture cost for story, raw film, lighting, camera work, players and laboratory work. In her own field, she is competing with some of the shrewdest business brains the film industry has developed. That it is not by any means a lick-penny business we think we might convey very briefly by telling you that one of the most successful producers is a man, still comparatively young, who has amassed a fortune estimated at sixteen millions in independent production and distribution.

Fanchon Royer doesn't specialize in those DeMille gold bathtub settings or great mass spectacles. Nor is she in any way concerned with introducing that mythical thing called "the woman's angle." Her films are action pictures. The titles of some of her films indicate that. Before "Religious Racketeers" there were such thrillers as "A Million to One," "Pilot X," "Ten Laps to Go," "Fighting Lady."

"The only difficulty a woman experiences because she is a woman in this business," she told us, "is that it's hard to get the heads of organizations you deal with to believe you're worth bothering with."

Asked if she thought there were any advantages automatically falling to a woman producer, she attributed the courtesy she has always had from directors, actors, technicians and laborers on the set to "chivalry." It isn't dead, she thinks.

Since she started as a business executive by seeing only the actor's side of it—both as a magazine editor and an actor's agent—we were inclined to think her complete understanding of the player and his position might have something to do with her success in getting along so well with the talent. However, it was nice to get to know Fanchon Royer better, and right cheering to hear that chivalry is not dead.

They make a good team! Leo Carrillo, that ingratiating fellow, joins forces again with Edith Fellowes in "City Streets." Remember them in "Little Miss Roughneck?"

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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Crime School

Warners

Those "Dead End" boys go to reform school, and while you know what's going to happen, it all adds up to rousingly rowdy melodrama, sure to be found gripping by all audiences, though it is far better suited to serve as adult than junior fare. Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Bernard Punsley, Gabriel Dell—the boys, in person—are excellent. So are Humphrey Bogart and Gale Page. Exciting.

First Hundred Years

M-G-M

A polished production and ingratiating performances by Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce make this comedy snack most pleasant to take, even if its flavor is familiar and its caloric content light. It's about a very-much-in-love couple parting over differences of opinion—the wife insisting upon continuing her lucrative business career. A promised "blessed event" restores blissful happiness. Very light, but appealing.

Moonlight Sonata

Malmar

Ignace Jan Paderewski is the outstanding attraction. The great pianist is seen and faithfully recorded in renditions of four very popular classic works, and plays himself as a guest in the household in Sweden where a romance of young love faces its trials and comes smiling through. Charles Farrell is most welcome as the hero of the love tale, and the cast as a whole is excellent. Great music, charming film—see it!

You and Me

Paramount

George Raft and Sylvia Sidney as ex-convicts who fall in love, marry, and are menaced by their past records. The co-stars, who make their characters real, might have made this a simple melodrama of force and vitality, but their efforts are nullified by Director Fritz Lang's interpolation of arty camera and sound effects which merely diffuse interest and halt action. A blend of good movie and bad "art."

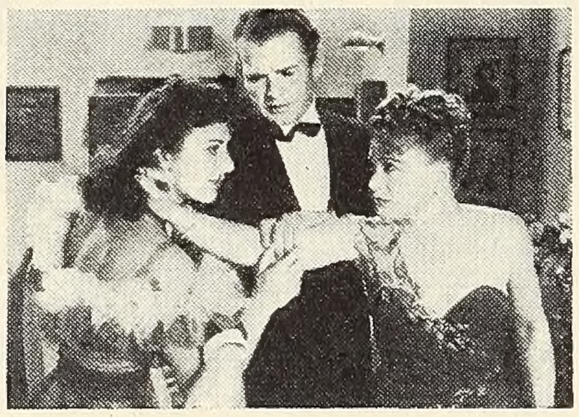
Rascals

20th Century-Fox

A prankish and pleasing piece of byplay that will thoroughly satisfy the Jane Withers contingent, even if Jane does share and share alike with Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica gang, so far as opportunity is concerned. There is a "Carmen" background for a combination musical, novelty, and romance yarn in which Jane is a member of a gypsy group. Rochelle Hudson and Robert Wilcox make up the love team.

The Gangs of New York

Republic



Charles Bickford in a dual rôle as a vicious gangster and a daring detective who impersonates the crook to round up his fellow hoodlums. It is a bang-up game of cops and robbers, with a story that moves fast, colorful characters and speedy action. Bickford, Alan Baxter, Ann Dvorak, Wynne Gibson and many others are excellent. Fantastic, but furiously paced crime melodrama with punch and lively action.

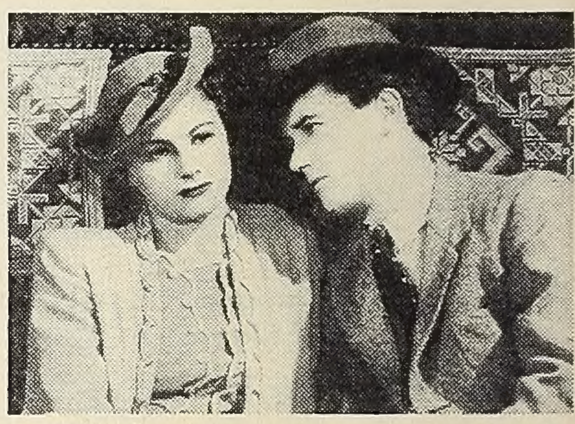
Good-bye Broadway

Universal

In new trappings we have here the James Gleason stage and screen play, "The Shannons of Broadway." A swell cast of troupers, too, present it: Alice Brady, Charles Winninger, Jed Prouty and other favorites. You can also see Tommy Riggs, who does that *Betty Lou* act in Rudy Vallee's air show. The play about the vaudeville troupers who go into the hotel business is dated but still fair amusement.

3 on a Week End

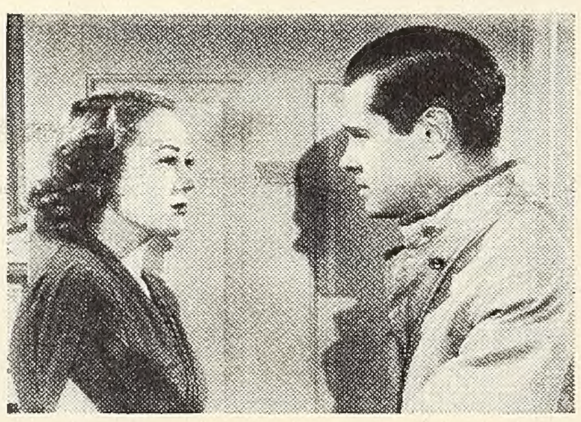
Gaumont-British



One of the better British imports, this is a romance that culminates in melodrama, as a nurse, moved to pity and then love for the husband of a hospital patient who died in childbirth, breaks her engagement and returns from a projected holiday with her fiancé to rescue the despondent widower. Margaret Lockwood brings radiance to the star rôle, and John Lodge, Hugh Williams, and Rene Ray, also very good.

Nurse from Brooklyn

Universal



Sally Eilers as the girl of the title brings you around to liking this rather stylized gangster yarn immensely. Her brother has been killed by the gangster who later depends upon her to lure a policeman to his doom. But Sally by that time is in love with the officer—Paul Kelly. The suspense is nicely developed in this situation. These action melodramas wear well. If you like 'em, you'll like this rugged little number.

Hunted Men

Paramount

Lloyd Nolan as a gangster who comes under the regenerating influence of a typical American home (where he hides out from the cops). It is obviously hokum melodrama but nevertheless good movie pastime with general appeal. Lynn Overman, Mary Carlisle, Johnny Downes, Dorothy Peterson, J. Carrol Naish and others play their parts with the utmost effect and make this consistently interesting movie fare.

The Devil's Party

Universal

More melodrama of Manhattan. A reunion of four men and a girl, all friends since childhood, ends in tragedy when one of them is killed by henchmen of the host, now a gambler. It is an involved piece of plotting but it follows familiar melodramatic lines, and Victor McLaglen, Paul Kelly, William Gargan and other able players are unable to make the characters realistic or the story more than mere routine.

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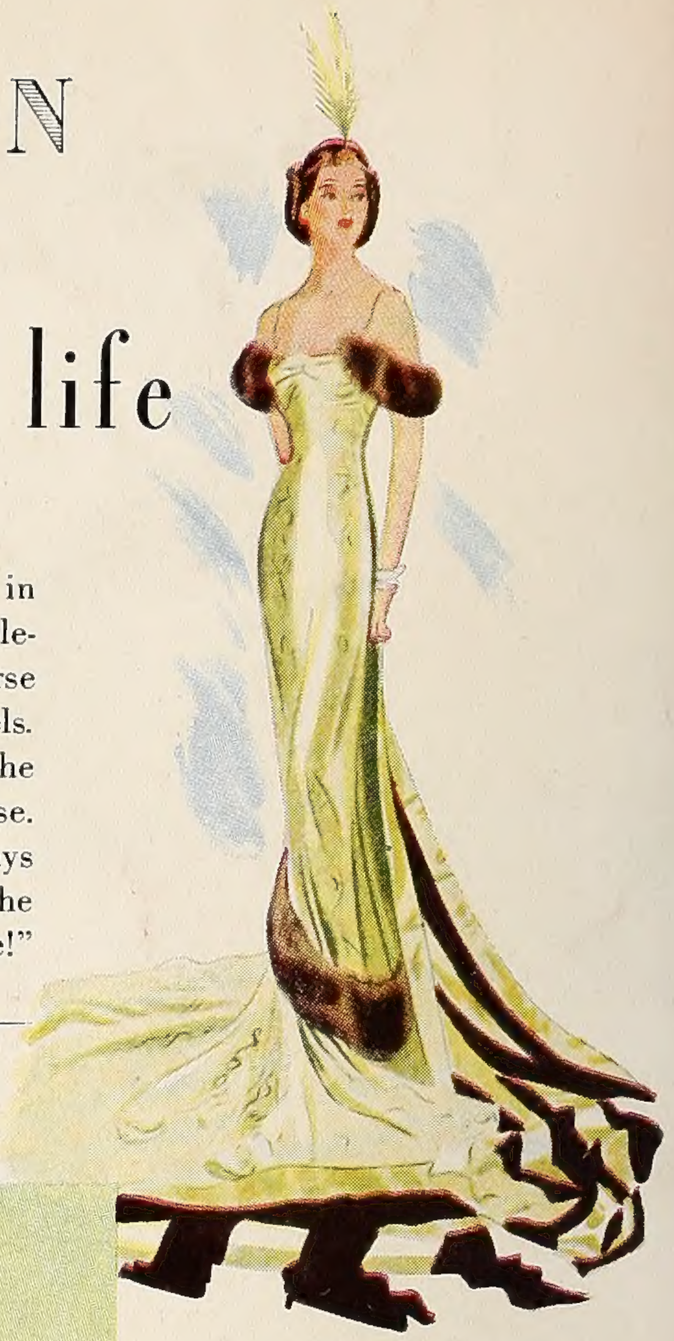
S-154

MISS JANE ALVA JOHNSON

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis

leads a vivid and interesting life



She is a distinguished horsewoman

Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to *look* to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels *never* jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in *so many* ways, Camels *agree* with me!"

One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is wholehearted in her enthusiasms — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

A gracious hostess

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Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamé and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor *always* tastes just right."

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